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LAYING THE BLAME ON LABOUR

H. L. Stewart

There is a capacity of exertion and self-denial in the masses of mankind which is never known but on the rare occasions on which it is appealed to in the name of some great idea or elevated sentiment.—J. S. Mill.

Marshal Pétain said, in the broadcast (of unknown authorship) which he addressed to his countrymen on the night of France's capitulation, that it was a *moral* break-down that had led her to her doom. Probably it was. But for some at least of those most convinced that the break-down was moral, Marshal Pétain's account of the decay was the very inverse of the truth. To him, moral declension meant revolt against discipline; it meant insurgence by those bent on free thought, free speech, free conduct. For recovery, he prescribed a new mood, whose first expression should be an oath of allegiance to himself in that new office—unknown to the French Republic—which he assumed, by his own appointment, "Chief of State." A glance at some leading organs of British Conservative opinion will show a like effort there to charge the national difficulties, if not the whole world chaos, against insurgent Labour. What the French Right sets forth in arraignment of Léon Blum, its British counterpart advances against the memory of Ramsay MacDonald.

What force is there in either reproach as an account of the downfall of France and the difficulties of Great Britain—not to mention the desperate travail of all Europe?

I

Léon Blum and Ramsay MacDonald, according to this theory, were demagogues who played upon the proletarian impulse of insubordination, and bribed the people with a promise of immediate "better times" into sacrifice of national safety. Thus the Entente became fatally disarmed, and other powers, not foolish enough to indulge such dissolute "democracy," took advantage of the right moment to strike. Hitler and Mussolini had the chance to decide at what stage the weakening of the victims had reached its extreme point, beyond which there would be a frantic effort at recovery. Alike in Paris and in London—so runs the theory—the voice of discerning patriotism was silenced by the spokesmen of working-class greed. Once again the demand, as in classical Roman times, was for *panem et circenses*. Once again, as Plato reflected, democracy had its problem in government like that of a confectioner prosecuted by a doctor before a jury of children.

Unfortunately for this account, it was not the Socialist leaders, either British or French, who determined the military preparations at the time when they were becoming so inadequate as to tempt aggression. In France, at least, there was no such "short-sighted economy" by which the national

defence budget was starved. Whatever else may be said against the scheme of the Maginot Line, on which the safety of France was staked, no one can reproach the Chamber of Deputies with parsimony in appropriation of funds for it. The astronomical figures for the expenditure on that futile project were accepted with no serious murmur from the Left, and the story that "what should have been spent on munitions was diverted to proletarian junketing" is one of those plausible guesses which a glance at the record will disprove. The national defence appropriation under Blum's Government was not lower, but higher, than it had been under the Government which preceded. Moreover, the Blum Government did not come into power until the summer of 1936, and even if we grant that its indulgent mood to Labour stimulated those strikes in munition factories which kept back the national defence effort, the collapse of 1940 cannot be thus explained. By no sheer exertion, however strenuous, at that time, could the handicap that lay on French defence have been overcome. It was no question of industry, but a question of method. The only method with the least hope was one which the pontiffs of the French War Office still refused to apply. They were still thinking in terms of the warfare in which they had themselves risen to fame.

Herein, too, is no small part of the cause of Labour being so leisurely, if not sluggish. An influence at least as strong as Socialist propaganda for "better times" was the guarantee that at length, through the unexampled sacrifices of the French people, a ring of steel impossible for the German enemy to pierce had been thrown around their hearths and homes. "The Shield," said the official orator at the opening of the Maginot Line, "is in its place." It was the august authority of Marshal Pétain that thus relieved his countrymen of a haunting fear. To appeals put forward with apologetic modesty against the voice of the oracle, appeals for tanks and airplanes and other equipment of the new mechanized warfare, a contemptuous negative was returned. General de Gaulle and ex-Premier Reynaud were voices crying in the wilderness against Marshal Pétain, as was Winston Churchill, whose voice was raised about the same time in England against Baldwin and Chamberlain. Reynaud was later lodged in jail, by Pétain's order, and de Gaulle was by the same order deprived of his French citizenship. It was dangerous for a Frenchman to have opposed the great Marshal, especially when the event had shown the great Marshal to have been wrong and his opponent to have been right.

The record of Léon Blum (so falsely called a "Communist" in the popular vocabulary of abuse) is that of one who in a short period of power achieved for the French working class social improvements long ago familiar to the British and the American workman. He established by law the principle of collective bargaining—that essential of trade-unionism which other democratic countries had so taken for granted as to hear with amazement that it seemed in France a novel project of "the extreme Left." To Blum was due the legal prescription of hours for industry and of workers' vacations: the forty-hour week and holidays with pay. He nationalized the

manufacture of armaments, a change often urged in Britain, and a move that, though open to much controversy, at least carried no obvious mark of communism. Far, too, from communism was the regulation his government imposed upon the French wheat market: his price-fixing law was like many an act of interference by President Roosevelt with the vagaries of the American Stock Exchange in the spring of 1933. Léon Blum relieved the French farmer from speculation that had been a terror to him. And what of his move against the two hundred families that dominated the Bank of France? Ever since the days of Napoleon I, this strange regime had been maintained: only the two hundred largest shareholders were allowed any voice in the management of the Bank, the other forty thousand being left to await the close oligarchic direction of their own funds; control of currency and credit for all France was in the hands of the same small group with its own interests to serve in restricting or expanding the note issue.

What bearing had this modest scheme of social reform, accomplished in 1936, upon the collapse in 1940? Perhaps the stimulant of such sudden, though belated, relief had an intoxicating effect on the French workman, and subsequent industrial disorders may thus be charged, indirectly, to Léon Blum's account. But argument of that sort is obviously biased, and indeed fantastic. How senseless is the suggestion that a social reformer, introducing measures intrinsically reasonable and long overdue, should be held responsible for every extravagance that the beneficiaries of his action may afterwards be incited to perpetrate by the new power he confers upon them!

Equally pointless is the contention of British reactionaries that Ramsay MacDonald was the culprit in England. With what plausibility can he be accused of "starving the Services and thus leaving the country defenceless against peril," when one remembers that MacDonald did not lead a Labour Government at any date subsequent to the fall of 1931, that there was certainly no recognizable menace of German preparation before then, and that the disarmament program which he had promoted in previous years was not of his making, but was planned by the party which is now so eager to saddle him with the guilt? The National Government, which he led from 1931 until 1935, and against which a complaint of slackness in defence may fairly be urged, had its policies shaped by Stanley Baldwin and Neville Chamberlain; MacDonald was notoriously no more than its titular head. The Government afterwards led by Neville Chamberlain—not only a Conservative but a violently anti-Labour administration—had to thank its own chief, the most vehement among the opponents of rearming, for the desperate dilemma of September, 1938, out of which the Munich bargain was the only practicable, however shameful, means of escape. MacDonald's disarmament policies at the time of his Labour premiership were an effort to fulfil the pledge of *trying to disarm* which had been given at Versailles, and three years later at Washington, by British statesmen with whom he had less than no influence—statesmen to whom indeed his very name was then anathema.

In the years after the First World War, said Marshal Pétain, people grew slack and comfort-loving. Is this altogether a reproach: that they turned their thoughts in France to enterprises of peace, to the reconstruction of life free from the constant dread of submarines and air-raids, even to the regulation of hours of labour and to holidays with pay—after four years of horror, during which ten million had been killed and a number past all counting had suffered what could never be made good "in mind, body and estate"? Seven million votes were cast, in Britain's peace ballot of 1935, against war as a means of settling international disputes; shrill complaint against such "sentimentalism" was raised by some organs of the London press at the time, and the event has of late been remorsefully recalled. Would that we had no ground more serious than this one for blaming the British workpeople! All honour to them for their passionate desire to find an alternative to war. It was not their fault if the national leaders (of a class very different from their own, that "governing class" which affects such wisdom) concealed the truth about the degree of peril to which Britain's disarmament had already led, and thus betrayed the high trust their countrymen had reposed in them.

II

The indiscipline of Labour, then, cannot fairly be assigned as the chief cause for either the collapse of France or the military unpreparedness of Britain. What of that still wider and earlier denunciation by some eloquent analysts of the age, such as Dean Inge in the London *Evening Standard* or M. Daudet in the Paris *L'Action française*? M. Daudet and Dean Inge felt that their personal lot had been somewhat hard in that they were born at a time when "democracy" was about to gain so much ground as to weaken and confuse the wholesome sense of values which had previously prevailed![1] What else, they ask, could one expect to happen when the cult of the multitude and the cry that all men are equal set our public leaders on the quest, above all else, for votes recorded by ballot? Over such books and articles, of which our generation has seen not a few, there seems to brood the spirit of Nietzsche's satire, "Democracy's lying war-cry, *the prerogative of the most.*" In Britain at least it was Labour that such critics chiefly denounced for dislocating the genuine values. In France the trade-union leaders had freemasons and Jews to share with them the barrage of attack in *L'Action française*. But the oracle of the *Evening Standard* has no such quarrel with either Jewry or masonry: his English temperament is different. Organized Labour constitutes his *bête noire*, that Labour whose representatives in Parliament he summarily characterizes as "drunken blackguards."[2] In one of his characteristic explosions about the degenerate age in which he has to live, Dean Inge writes: "The working man has no respect for either democracy or liberty. His whole interest is

[1] W. R. Inge, *Outspoken Essays*, I, 33.
[2] W. R. Inge, *England*, 248.

in transferring the wealth of the minority to his own pocket."[3] And the British government, it seems, long before the cataclysm of the First World War, had become the complaisant agent of this lowered type of life: "The government of the country had fallen into a state of the most pitiable imbecility, cowering before every turbulent faction, and attempting to buy off every threat of organized lawlessness."[4] Passages such as these, by an English scholar and thinker highly distinguished in certain fields, regarding the English workpeople of the years just before the First World War, should have been recalled a dozen years later to those who so readily accepted Fascist or Nazi pictures of degenerate Labour in Italy or Germany. What offended Dean Inge was the British worker's pressure on the government for help against the destitution of unemployment, of sickness, of old age, for a scheme of insurance which might safeguard the industrious and rescue the incapacitated. In those years just before the First World War there had been no proletarian appeal to violence. There had indeed been much interrogating of candidates at general elections and by-elections, on their attitude to what David Lloyd George called "the people's rights, the people's budget, and the people's insurance." But all this lay well within the exercise of constitutional democracy. Organization of lawlessness had indeed been known, but it was not Labour that had offended: the enrolment and drilling of a private army, the illegal importing of arms, the planning of a "provisional government" to wrest the administration of Northern Ireland from the King's ministers, had been a project of those large capitalists to whom the trade unions were anathema. Nothing in the story of British political life subsequent to what Galsworthy called "the social resurrection of 1905"[5]—the period which Dean Inge plainly had in mind—exemplified with any real force the faults he charged against British Labour. Rather had British Labour exhibited a remarkable patience under hardships long drawn out, a remarkable confidence that the democratic machinery would prove capable of self-repair, and a remarkable preference for reform thus slowly achieved through Parliament over the precipitate "direct action" in favour abroad.

Unfortunately, many a British critic accepted Dean Inge's view that the moderate British Labour movement was incipient continental syndicalism, rather than the view that continental syndicalism was the morbid perversion of a sound Labour movement. When at his worst, the Dean would describe the Christian leader soon to become Archbishop of Canterbury as "the Syndicalist Archbishop of York"! Only through the misunderstandings I have endeavoured to indicate can one explain the sympathetic tone of British publicists of repute at that time towards the earlier phenomena of both fascism and nazism. Labour, they felt, had gone mad. And if it could be recalled to sanity only at the cost of sacrificing (for a time) such values as freedom, the price was worth the payment!

[3] *Outspoken Essays*, I, 12.
[4] W. R. Inge, *Philosophy of Plotinus*, II, 220.
[5] John Galsworthy, *Beyond*, 21.

Such publicists liked to hear, and at once eagerly accepted as accurate, tale after tale of the benefits brought by Hitler and Mussolini to Germany and Italy. Why were many British and American and Canadian minds so hospitable, so uncritically receptive, towards the fairy story about dictatorial service? Because the listener at least knew for certain that these foreign dictators had trampled upon Labour with a violence to which it was impossible to incite a democratic Prime Minister, and such violence was just what he wanted to see. We are not all democrats in so-called democratic countries. Some of us will condone much in dictatorship in consideration of what is called "standing no nonsense from Labour." How often we used to hear evidence of the Nazi or Fascist cruelty discredited at once as "no doubt Left-wing propaganda"!

Here was a truly marvellous example of wishful thinking. For those abroad who wanted to think that way, the publicity machine controlled by Dr. Paul Joseph Goebbels in Berlin or that controlled by Virginio Gayda in Rome provided material without limit. They worked at this enterprise all through the Second World War, as listeners to short-wave broadcasts from Europe were well aware.

III

The argument as developed by the European dictators found illustration, for their purpose, in the American crisis of February, 1933. Almost simultaneously with Hitler's appointment to the Chancellorship, F. D. Roosevelt became for the first time President of the United States. And to what an appalling legacy of indiscipline, exclaimed the Goebbels press, did Mr. Roosevelt become heir! The *damnosa hereditas* of democracy! In truth the situation was bad enough. Whether "indiscipline" is the right name for its cause, and (if it is) whether it was Labour that especially needed a return to discipline, I shall discuss later. First, it is important to realize what sort of disorderly scene was to be observed in the America of February, 1933, to illustrate those dangers which Germany sought to ward off by dictatorship.

The American unemployed were then, probably, not fewer than 15 million, and it was estimated that at least 35 million persons had become dependent for a livelihood on some form of charity. Possibilities of violence were being discussed. Most significant perhaps of a new and dangerous situation was the spread of the revolutionary spirit to a class seldom susceptible to it. Here and there the American farmer, driven desperate by the collapse of commodity prices, was taking a hint from the desperate in the city. He was hopelessly in debt, and from Iowa, for example, came news that any collector or sheriff who might appear to foreclose the mortgage on a farm would find the farmer's family waiting for him "fully armed." Panic started a run on the financial houses with which they could not cope. In the month of Hitler's accession to the German Chancellorship, the government of the state of Michigan proclaimed a bank holiday "in order

to save the banks of Detroit," and there quickly followed like action by the governments of Illinois and Ohio. Within less than two weeks the whole banking system of the United States was in chaos. As Mr. Hampden Jackson put it, millions of Americans were faced with the loss of every cent of their savings, "travellers were stranded and housewives were unable to buy provisions for want of ready cash."[6] But was it insurgent, undisciplined Labour that had precipitated this situation? Or was it the indiscipline and insurgence of an altogether different class?

One's thought goes further back to those strange years, the late nineteen-twenties, when America was being conducted into the abyss. Not Labour, but Big Business, was in the saddle. The signal for a new era had been given when the Senate rejected the Treaty of Versailles, and the ideal of "100 per cent Americanism" displaced "the international mind." When Warren Harding became President, he delighted the leaders of Big Business who had chosen him with a slogan expressive of their exact aim, "Back to Normalcy." For them the normal was the chance to become as rich as possible in the shortest possible time, by a business competition which no concern about "a better world order" would again obstruct. They regarded the brief triumph of Wilsonian idealism as an episode which could not be too soon forgotten. Their ideal was a person like Sir Isaac Harman, in H. G. Wells's novel, "a man of unpretentious acquisitiveness, devoted to business, and distracted by no aesthetic or intellectual interests."[7]

What marvellous years those were for the capitalist producer, with that well-nigh unexampled American opportunity! Tariff walls, suddenly raised to an unscalable height, kept foreign competition away, and great new industries soared. What fortunes were built up by the sales of motor-cars, radio sets, cinema films, telephones, central heating apparatus, all described by well-trained agents as no longer luxuries but necessities for everyone in a country that had reached a standard of living beyond any ever before known in the long adventure of mankind! Year by year, for almost a decade, those sales were multiplied many times. What to do with their surplus funds became a real problem to the captains of American industry. As the years passed, the banks grew wisely suspicious about the future of enterprises already beyond "saturation point," into which the private investor continued to pour his savings; the best disposal of money left on deposit by the more cautious was a bank manager's perpetual worry. Never was there a time when the machinery of scientific sales-promotion achieved anything like the same result in inducing people of moderate and small incomes, all over a gigantic country, to buy far more than they required, far more than they could use, far more than they could afford. As Mr. Hampden Jackson says, it was the heyday of three novelties for which this continent—having created them—quite fitly devised names: "mass production," "the racket," and "high-pressure salesmanship" with its chief strategic method, the "hire-purchase plan."

[6] J. Hampden Jackson, *The Post-War World*, 453-4.
[7] H. G. Wells, *The Wife of Sir Isaac Harman*, 107.

Thus it was not the indiscipline of Labour that was to blame for the economic catastrophe so soon to befall the United States and to prepare for Mr. Roosevelt's entry upon office a problem at least as difficult as the one which awaited Hitler's entry the same month. The late nineteen-twenties will be recorded by the economic historian as a period like the decade almost a century before in England when, as Disraeli said, the altar of Mammon blazed with triple worship.[8] It was a period when financial piracy was creating huge fortunes at extraordinary speed for those men of the class farthest removed from Labour who constantly clamoured that Labour be coerced—the sort of men by whom every protest against the darker methods of their "high finance" was ridiculed as sentimental moralizing. Which was the class that always opposed the suggestion to promote peace by taking the profit out of war, through nationalization of the armament industry? From what social circle came mockery of scruples about supplying Italy with oil or Japan with nickel, for purposes only too well known? Not from the toiling masses, but from those for whom some phrase about "maintenance of our foreign trade and our national leadership in industry" covered designs very personal indeed. And whatever faults of a different character may be justly chargeable against Soviet Russia, she was at least distinguished during the few years that followed her admission (in 1934) to the League of Nations by the effort she made to have engagements kept according to the Covenant.

No candid Englishman, or Canadian, or American, will refuse to acknowledge that he has known grievous obstacles to the national purpose interposed in his own country by an economic interest very remote from that of Labour. That the men who led trade unions shared in the moral *débâcle* after the close of the First World War, is not to be denied. The working classes present a vast area for unscrupulous manipulation, and the fierce passions of greed or revenge can be stirred there, too, on a great scale. This was seen particularly in the first years of reaction after 1918, when war industries were gone, wages dropped, factories closed, and the cost of living continued high. But there is no evidence that the general break-up of moral principles, the contempt for simple axioms of justice and good faith which has made the present international situation so shamefully conspicuous, is in any special sense due to "class-conscious Labour." And if the parallel of America's disorder twenty years ago suggests that the more dangerous culprits in Europe were also of quite a different class from Labour, the parallel of the remedy which America applied in 1933 is no less suggestive.

A comparison of the Hitler administration of Germany with the Roosevelt administration of the United States is one which no believer in free institutions, and certainly no American, has the slightest reason to shun. Each regime began in a country where bad times had been testing patience long and severely. Each attempted, not gradually but suddenly (declaring

[8]Disraeli, *Sybil*, I, v.

that the unique circumstances called for it), a method of governing that was altogether novel. The American President and the German Chancellor alike acquired, and forthwith began to exercise, extraordinary powers. But in America, unlike Germany, those exceptional powers were granted with such precautions about their exercise as kept them indeed exceptional. Most important of all, they were *revocable*—not in name alone, but in truth. They were meant for an emergency, shaped with care to be efficient but also transient. It is no essential of a democratic regime that it should fail —or indeed that it should hesitate—to provide in such special manner for quick action when this is needed. It can suspend its own customary and, in general, precious privileges. But it is essential that it should keep sovereign rights—the power to resume what has been for the time suspended —in the hands of the representatives of the people whom the people can effectively call to account. Mussolini's comparison of the legislation at Washington which facilitated the New Deal with the blockade of Rome by Black Shirts which terrorized the King into making him a dictator was evidence, not of the credulity, but of the affectation of credulity which he knew he could force his victims to exhibit.

IV

But the reality, of which this complaint about the indiscipline of Labour is the misrepresentation, needs to be appreciated justly. It was indeed by no means surprising that confidence in democratic institutions was badly shaken and that the project of an alternative began to haunt many a serious mind in the period which followed the First World War.

Macaulay once warned his countrymen that in social affairs those who permit themselves unreasonable hope will commonly show afterwards unreasonable disappointment. From the war described as making the world safe for democracy, hopes not short of millennial sprang to life: democratic enthusiasts kept a joyful register of the deposition of emperors and kings all over Europe, with forecasts each time of the improvement that would follow. It was a mood comparable to that of Shelley over the great French Revolution:

> The world's great Age begins anew,
> The golden years return,
> The earth doth like a snake renew
> Her winter weeds outworn;
> Heaven smiles, and faiths and empires gleam
> Like wrecks of a dissolving dream.[9]

Like that same mood, Shelley's was fated to painful disillusionment:

> Alas! all hope is buried now.
> But then men dreamed the aged earth
> Was labouring in that mighty birth,
> Which many a poet and a sage
> Has aye foreseen.[10]

[9]Shelley, *Hellas.*
[10]Shelley, *Rosalind and Helen.*

It reads, does it not, like the lament of some enthusiast for the Covenant of the League of Nations ten years after the signature "with golden pen" in the Hall of Mirrors at Versailles? But in freeing Labour from the chief blame for this disappointment, one can see how it came in special degree to be blamed. Labour, although of late more faithful than other groups to the democratic ideal, has in certain respects exposed itself more than they to the reproach of forsaking it.

The outspoken candour of the leaders of the working class, as contrasted with the cunning sophistication elsewhere, has counted heavily against them. When their fidelity fails—as the fidelity of all classes will sometimes fail—they proclaim their apostate purpose in some maxim they only half mean and will soon forget; other self-seeking groups, in their worst escapades, safeguard themselves with the pretence of a wiser patriotism. Quotable slogans of seditious suggestiveness thus abound in the campaign tracts and speeches of the Labour party, while the chiefs of industrialism and the magnates of the landed interest are careful always to preserve the verbal appearance of devotion to the state. Léon Blum and Edouard Daladier argued, in their "trial" at Riom, that not the French sit-down strikers but the great iron and steel trusts had incapacitated the country for a crisis, that private exploitation of the armament industry had led to far worse enfeeblement than any social laws about the forty-hour week and holidays with pay, and that the real centre of conspiracy to sabotage national defence had been no Communist council of "the workers" but an inner circle of industrial directors with their whispered motto, "Our trade is our politics." Without presuming to judge from a distance whether Communist deputies or the directors of the Comité des Forges should take more of the blame, whether it was at Moscow or at the head office of Schneider-Creusot that policies leading to a fatal shortage in the French air force were designed, one does not need proof of the habitual intrigues of Big Business at the cost of national safety. Lloyd George's struggle during the First World War against captains of industry with whom patriotism ranked lower than guardianship of trade secrets, is notorious. But captains of industry, with this preference in mind, are much slower than Labour leaders to show their hands. It was among Lloyd George's chief titles to his country's gratitude (even as it brought upon him the undying hatred of the industrialists he circumvented) that he exposed their sinister hands against their will. There is a lack of finesse about the trade-union spokesman in a like struggle: all honour to him for it, but he suffers in consequence. "Workers of the world, unite" has been written by proletarian fingers on many a wall; it has incurred fierce denunciation as the slogan of alleged fomenters of class war and of traitors to their native land. But many a capitalist orator, declaiming in another interest, might have been far more decisively convicted of an intrigue with world capitalists, under cover of some high pretence about zeal for morality or even for religion. He had not the naïveté to acknowledge any such slogan as "Fascists of the world, unite." He whispered only to his intimates, "We need a

Mussolini." We know, alas, too well what such men did when in France they were led by Pierre Laval in sabotaging the League, when in Britain they conspired to ensure collapse of republican Spain, when in the United States they swelled the following of Mr. Lindbergh and the German Bund. It was not to make contact with British Communists that Hess, "straight from Hitler's table,"[11] flew to Scotland. But a Cliveden Set keeps its secrets much better than insurgent Labour.

The real influence of Labour on the European situation of that dreadful period was altogether different from the loosening of principle, and the sacrifice of ideals to comfort, which the reactionary press ascribes to it. In France and in Great Britain it was Labour that urged, unfortunately too long in vain, the obligation of steadfastness in an international common front against the dictatorial powers. Ideals were indeed being sacrificed and principles were being loosened through those shameful years, 1933 to 1939, both in London and in Paris, but not by those commissioned to speak for the working class as a class. Persistently though ineffectually, neither tempted by bribe nor daunted by threat, British and French Labour leaders emphasized the pledge which their countries had given at Geneva and called for its fulfilment. If there never failed altogether, even in those dark days, the light of an idealism higher than the miserable shiftings and compromises and pretences of official diplomacy, among its guardians the Labour men were conspicuous.

One's memory goes back to December, 1935, to a scene in the Albert Hall when the conscience of London was roused by the Hoare-Laval proposals for handing half of Ethiopia to Mussolini, and when many organs of the middle and upper class British press were publishing satiric editorials about sentimental concern for "the Negus." It was by Labour leadership, in those days, that the true note of British honour was sounded. One thinks, too, of the vast demonstrations in Trafalgar Square, with the banners inscribed "Stand by the Czechs," at a time when Neville Chamberlain was ridiculing such concern about a part of Europe whose exact location he said he found it hard to remember! The Labour men who led that movement knew well that on their own class, if the quarrel should develop into war, the burden of the common soldier would fall, and Czechoslovakia was at least as remote from their usual concern as it can have been from Neville Chamberlain's. But the spirit that would later sustain Russian workers in the battlefield and that offered Russia's help to fight advancing tyranny even then on battlefields of Bohemia and Moravia, was in the English worker that September 30, 1938. There were numerous publicists of the more prosperous class who then wrote and spoke for "appeasement," disparaging the Czechs and complimenting the Germans. Is it for them, looking back, to suggest that what went wrong was due to the moral break-down of Labour?

Still clearer was the contrast in the Paris of that same fateful autumn of 1938. The forces of the Right, whose winning card had generally been

[11]This phrase, so applied, is Mr. Churchill's.

anti-Labour (which they strategically renamed anti-communism), having prevailed in the betrayal of Ethiopia three years before, undertook in high spirits the betrayal of Czechoslovakia. Again from French Labour came the appeal that France should not dishonour her plighted word. But the spirit that would two years later contrive the treacheries of Vichy was already too strong. And in the intervening period it was to attempt yet a third betrayal. Another Munich, if the anti-Labour combination in Paris could have brought it about, would have added Poland to Ethiopia and Czechoslovakia as the third country which—as Dr. Goebbels satirically put it—had been conducted to its doom by trust in a democracy's promise. But once more the record of Labour is clean. Léon Blum led the appeal for Poland, as he had led it for Ethiopia and for Czechoslovakia. It was the great publicist of the French Right whose article with the brilliant heading "Who Wants to Die for Danzig?" was quoted with such enthusiasm from German and Italian microphones.

V

A very curious, and as yet too little noticed, feature of Hitler's Germany, Mussolini's Italy, and General Araki's Japan remains to be considered. In each of them the very essence of the anti-Communist rhetoric implied their acceptance of what is worst in the Communist system!

Each of these dictatorial leaders proclaimed exactly that doctrine of "power politics" with which, more than with anything else, Karl Marx debased the conception of a group-relationship of mankind. For Hitler, for Mussolini, for General Araki, justice was "the interest of the stronger" —as that old Greek sophist said it was, twenty-four centuries ago, to the intense disgust of the Platonic Socrates. In like manner Karl Marx, more than any other single thinker that could be named, taught his followers that each professedly disinterested or altruistic group-project, each of the ostensibly generous movements of the world, is but veiled manoeuvring by which one group seeks yet more effective exploitation of another. The proletariat, being potentially the strongest group (through numbers, as soon as it becomes class-conscious), is the one whose dictatorship the Marxian will want to promote, all moral considerations having been exposed as psychologically a delusion. It is thus not surprising to read that Lenin reproached some of his colleagues for having alienated Benito Mussolini. Fundamentally, he held, Mussolini had in him the Marxian spirit. Lenin made no mistake there, as he made none in that other characterization, when he said after a single talk with Mr. H. G. Wells: "What a typical little bourgeois!"

The perpetual class struggle preached in *Das Kapital* reappears as the ever recurring war among nations which the partners in the anti-Comintern triangle were in open league to maintain. When pressed to justify their grim purpose, they too referred, like Marx, to the materialist interpretation of history, declaring that such *amoralism* has always been the way of the

world. More consistent, but more repulsive, than Marx, they added that it must always be so. The Father of communism, by an inconsequence that did more credit to his heart than to his head, used to talk of the all-powerful State some day "fading out," obliterating itself; this he somehow expected to result from that very success more commonly a stimulant than a check to domination! It is not our experience that all-powerful States tend that way. Joseph Stalin, for example, if he has some "fading out" purpose in mind, has so far concealed it both in word and in action.

Yet Karl Marx, by this delightful inconsequence, showed that he meant far better than the three dictators. Unlike them, he was revolted by the upshot of his own doctrine, and would smooth it down, at whatever cost in logic. The dictators, on the contrary, pressed with logical insistence to the end precisely the grosser sides of communism by which Marx was repelled, and dropped the redeeming features which he less logically kept. Their case recalls a famous estimate of Herbert Spencer. It was said of him that, having been brought up an English Baptist, he retained of his Nonconformist heritage everything except its piety: he kept its contentiousness, its narrowness, its self-righteousness. So too the anti-Comintern leaders at Rome and Berlin and Tokyo took from Marxism all but that instinctive sympathy for the multitude of his fellow-creatures by which, for Marx, his political system was redeemed.

THOMAS HOBBES: JURISPRUDENCE AT THE CROSSROADS

GEORGE L. MOSSE

BEFORE the dawn of the seventeenth century, English political thought and the Common Law of the land were closely integrated, with the result that political theory and legal practice were interdependent. No doubt this fact was due largely to the challenge of the Roman law.[1] Englishmen had been forced to produce a "Staatsrechtssystem" in contradistinction to the Roman legal system that prevailed abroad. "Our Law . . . is called of us the Common Law—as ye would say Jus Civile," wrote Sir Thomas Smith in the reign of Queen Elizabeth, with an eye on the neighbouring people of France. It was the Common Law which protected the people's rights and thus ensured the freedom of Englishmen, while the French people appeared to be at the mercy of an absolute monarch supported by the Roman law.[2] Thus any description of the commonwealth of England in Elizabeth's time had necessarily to include a description of the Common Law as its distinguishing feature.

Towards the beginning of the seventeenth century, a change began to take place in the realm of English political thought, for the Common Law and political theory began to part company. The former increasingly became the domain of legal specialists, and the latter was adopted by "speculators" and political theorists. Theory and legal practice eventually became separated, and in England remained so through the eighteenth century.[3]

Thomas Hobbes stands at the crossroads of this development. His criticism of the Common Law is significant of the growing divorce between legal practice and political thought. The two works which deal most specifically with this problem are the *Behemoth* and the *Dialogue of the Common Law*. They are from our point of view companion pieces, for in the *Behemoth* Hobbes demonstrates the break-down of the Common Law in practice, whilst in the *Dialogue* he shows the impossibility of fitting the Common Law into a coherent theory of politics. Thus, he goes so far as to reject the Common Law both in political theory and as a practical device for cementing the English commonwealth.[4] The significance is

[1] Julius Hatschek, *Englisches Staatsrecht* (Tuebingen, 1905), I, 14.

[2] Sir Thomas Smith, *De Republica Anglorum* (Cambridge, 1906), 70, 71.

[3] "Seit beginn des siebzehnten Jahrhunderts ist die Trennung des Rechtes von jeder rechtlichen Betrachtung des Staates entgueltig volzogen" (Hatschek, *Englisches Staatsrecht*, I, 14).

[4] Comparatively little attention has been paid to these two works, especially to the *Dialogue*. Leo Strauss, in *The Political Philosophy of Hobbes* (Oxford, 1936), is for the most part concerned with the purely philosophical and abstract aspects of Hobbes' political thought. M. Oakshott, in his article in *Scrutiny*, IV, 1935, 263-77, is also primarily concerned with the basis of Hobbes' philosophy as such. K. Lamprecht, in "Hobbes and Hobbism" (*American Political Science Review*, XXXIV, 1940, 31-53), gives a valuable discussion of Hobbes' relation to the laws of reason on a more abstract level. Chi Yung Hoe, in *The Origin of*

clear: for Hobbes political philosophy and jurisprudence had parted company, the one to be based on abstract speculation, the other on legal fact. Hobbes, in the *Leviathan* (1651), by his rigid distinction between lawyers and writers on politics, shows that he had been aware of this fundamental difference even before he wrote the *Dialogue* and the *Behemoth*.[5]

The essence of Hobbes' legal thought was, in the words of another writer, "to make reason the measure of all just Laws."[6] It is important to note that he was here in tune with most of the legal writing of his day. One pamphleteer wanted "to reduce the Law to a few theses which being emanations and grand maxims of reason, govern and resolve the rest and serve as clue through the labyrinth."[7] The concept of reason in this as in other contemporary legal writings is incapable of one clear definition. Yet the difference between the concept as held by Hobbes and as implicit in the position of the Common Lawyers is demonstrative of the schism which had grown between political theory and legal practice. Therefore it is necessary to have at least a general understanding of these two opposing concepts.

What, then, did Hobbes mean by reason? Reason to him was a universal concept intelligible to all peoples. Here again Hobbes was in tune with many of his contemporaries. Enactment of law by one nation, so it was said, did not by itself make a law rational, since other people in other nations partake of the same nature, and to them too this law must appear in conformity with reason. Law, as one writer expressed it, was but "a certain dictate of reason by which human actions are directed."[8] Thus to Hobbes, English customs and precedents did not of their own nature amount to the authority of law, for if such customs were unreasonable they should be abolished.[9]

Parliamentary Sovereignty (Shanghai, 1935), is concerned with an analysis of Jean Bodin's influence in England, and includes a chapter on Hobbes' idea of sovereignty. Julius Lips, in *Die Stellung des Thomas Hobbes zu den politischen Parteien der Englischen Revolution* (Leipzig, 1927), gives an account of Hobbes' actual position in the Civil War, but does not give an account of his thought concerning the English constitution. Most older works follow the pattern of Sir Leslie Stephen, in *Hobbes* (New York, 1904), who when discussing Hobbes' political philosophy touches only very briefly on the *Dialogue* and the *Behemoth*. Both works were the fruits of Hobbes' old age: the *Behemoth* was written in 1668 and the *Dialogue* probably around 1664. The editions of them used here are those by Sir William Molesworth in the *English Works of Thomas Hobbes* (London, 1840), VI.

[5]Thomas Hobbes, *Leviathan*, ed. by Molesworth (London, 1839), III, 30, reprinted in the *English Works of Thomas Hobbes*.

[6]John Warr, *Corruption and Deficiency of the Laws of England Soberly Discovered* (London, 1649), 241.

[7]Edmund Wingate, *Maxims of Reason, or the Reason of the Common Law of England* (London, 1685), Preface to the Reader. The same author wanted to clothe the law with such an exact logical method "as may be parralled with that of Wallebius for Theology, Ramus for Geometry, Keckerman and others for logic" (*A Summary for the Law of England* (London, 1654), 3). The connection between the rise of the new sciences and this quest for brevity and reason in the law has yet to be clarified.

[8]Edward Leigh, *Philological Commentary* (London, 1652), Epistle Dedicatory.

[9]*Dialogue*, 62-3. "For what is there to make reason law by any custom how long soever, when the Law of reason is eternal?" (p. 63).

The difficulty now arose of formulating a tangible concept of reason, one which might actually serve as a guide to legislators. An interesting attempt along these lines had already been made by a Civil Lawyer, Sir Robert Wiseman, during the time of the Civil War. Taking as his point of departure the universality of human reason, he advocated the excellence of the Civil Law of Rome above all other laws, because it was in use by the majority of nations. Thus widespread and predominant use was to Wiseman the criterion of practical legal reason.[10] For Thomas Hobbes it was not the Civil Law but the Sovereign who supplied the co-ordinating factor for all individual reasons under his control.[11] There is not, he said, amongst men any reason in the law but that of the sovereign power, which in effect supplies the place of eternal reason.[12]

When applied to the working of the Common Law, the consequences of this statement were momentous. Custom and precedent have little meaning as against the power of the Sovereign. Nor can there be any differentiation between statutes and Common Law, for no mere irregularity of proceeding in any court can change any law from the law of the nation.[13] The Sovereign is the undisputed fountain of law: both statute and Common Law are the command of the sovereign power. He is judge as well, for "he that makes the Law ought to declare what the Law is."[14] The subject ceases to have tangible, concrete rights, and may move freely only if the Sovereign permits him to do so.

Furthermore, Hobbes' concept of reason was more than the mere abstract theorizing of a philosopher. It was to a large extent a recognition of actually existing conditions. Looking back over the stormy times of civil war, Hobbes stated that he who had the ordering and pressing of soldiers had without doubt the whole sovereignty. Who durst deny money to Oliver Cromwell "upon any pretence of Magna Charta?" Moreover, is not the quest for security the first dictate of reason? The Rump Parliament might have governed well, having gotten the main prerequisite of sovereignty into its hands, had it had the wit to do so. Was it not Cromwell's duty to take it upon himself to protect the nation? "Had he not therefore the right?"[15] All power is thus *de facto*: might makes right, and before the power of the sword all "inherent rights" or "hereditary claims" must vanish.

[10]Sir Robert Wiseman, *The Law of Laws* (London, 1656). He was a judge of the Admiralty Court, which was, of course, in the tradition of the Roman law. See William Senior, *Doctors Commons and the Old Court of Admiralty* (London, 1922), 82, 102, 108.

[11]*Dialogue*, 22.

[12]See Lamprecht, "Hobbes and Hobbism."

[13]Hobbes, *Dialogue*, 5.

[14]Hobbes, *Behemoth*, 290. Thus the very legislative power was taken from the King when Parliament ignored his condemnation of the militia ordinance; see also *Dialogue*, 22. Opposed to this see Coke's assertion: "The King cannot be judge in his own case" (*Commons Debates, 1621*, ed. by Notestein, Relf, Simpson (New Haven, 1935), II, 195).

[15]Hobbes, *Dialogue*, 18, and *Behemoth*, 359, 389. It is only natural that Hobbes should analyse the historical developments of his day principally in order to draw lessons from them for the future. Cf. Richard Schlatter, "Thomas Hobbes and Thucydides" (*Journal of the History of Ideas*, VI, 350-63, especially 356).

The Common Law was obviously insufficient as a practical device for cementing the English commonwealth. Hobbes saw correctly that in the English Revolution it was, in the last resort, superior armed force that counted.

The Common Law, with its involved principles and guarantees of individual rights, was thus rejected both on grounds of reason and of fact. The very origins of the Civil War were traced by Hobbes to those people who were so ignorant as to believe that they "had no rule of equity but precedents and customs."[16] Yet those very people would have been the last to deny the validity of the concept of reason to which in their opinion, too, all laws must conform. It is, then, to the difference in the concept of reason as held by Hobbes and the Common Lawyers that a great deal of the separation between political thought and legal practice can be traced.

Representing the Common Lawyers, Chief Justice Coke had quoted with approbation Littleton's saying: "Lex plus laudatur quando ratione probatur."[17] What is this reason? It, too, is a universal concept, but not in the sense that it can be understood by all, or in the sense, of course, that it is unified and declared by a Sovereign. The book of right reason is only opened to those skilled in the law. All law has to conform to reason, and reason as far as the law is concerned is "legal reason," known only to the students of the Inns of Court. For Hobbes, on the other hand, it was not legal reason but human reason, available to all, which determined the validity of the law.[18] Coke's use of the concept of reason was a by-product of the struggles of the Common Lawyers against the King. It excluded the King, as one not trained in the laws of England, from meddling with the Common Law. Thus Coke held that none of the King's proclamations could be legally valid if against law and reason[19] and only those learned in the law could tell what (legal) reason consisted of. For example, speaking of the idea of reasonable time in law, Coke held that this lay with the *judges* to determine. Moreover, he goes on to say that "the like may be said of things uncertain, which ought to be reasonable, for nothing that is contrary to reason, is consonant to Law."[20] Here indeed the very idea of reason has come to be in the custody of the lawyers, hidden from the comprehension of the layman. It might be added, however, that laymen of one class were taken by some to be fit to judge of the law, though they were for the most part no lawyers: Members of Parliament could determine

[16]Hobbes, *Behemoth*, 169.

[17]Sir Edward Coke, *The First Part of the Institutes of the Lawes of England* (London, 1794), II, Epilogue. Coke concludes the *Institutes* on this quotation. I am unable to agree with Professor W. S. Holdsworth when he states that "the First Institute dealt with branches of the law very remote from any of the constitutional controversies of the day" (*A History of English Law*, V (London, 1924), 471). It may not seem so on the face of it, but the germs of Coke's beliefs are in the quoted words of Littleton.

[18]*Dialogue*, 5.

[19]T. B. Howell, *State Trials*, II (Case of Proclamations), (London, 1816), 726.

[20]Coke, *First Institutes*, Lib. 1, Cap. 8, Sect. 69.

the law "for Law is declared in Parliament."[21] But though Members of Parliament might determine and judge the law, the King alone could not, being devoid of (legal) reason. One might well agree with James I's querulous assertion, "But for reason, that is so large a thing, that a man knoweth not where to pitch."[22] To this complaint the Common Lawyers might have answered that he was not supposed to know.

Thus the Common Law became fairly easy to defend against the King. This meant, however, that the Common Law also became increasingly the province of legal specialists who were initiated into the mysteries of legal reason and who were able to criticize "certain speculators that take upon them to correct all governments in the world and to govern them by certain notions and fancies of their own."[23] Here indeed we can see how the Common Lawyers derided political theory, just as Hobbes rejected the Common Law. It should be remembered that it was the lawyers who were standing on the ground of legal fact, to which their training and their reason were fitted. Thomas Hobbes might discard the Common Law in view of his concept of reason and because of the political facts of the Revolution, but from the constitutional point of view it was Coke who was as yet the realist.

A direct answer to Hobbes' theories was given by the greatest of the Common Lawyers of the time, Sir Mathew Hale. His attack was directed primarily towards Hobbes' rejection of the Common Law on the grounds of political fact as derived from the events of the Civil War. Hale questioned principally the position that the Sovereign was an arbitrary lawgiver. To him the inconvenience of an arbitrary government was intolerable, and, therefore, a certain law, though accompanied by some mischief, was preferable. In it he saw the greatest security and the true ligament of the English commonwealth. "It is not possible for any human being to be wholly perfect," and Hale did not attempt to make the impossible come true: he allowed of a limited number of imperfections in the law.[24] Typically enough, however, Hale rejected all inquiries into basic concepts of justice and rights, all abstract speculations; these were matters for individual judgment only, and were beside the point so far as the Common Law was concerned.[25] Meeting Hobbes on his own ground, Hale substituted for abstract theory the test of experience, "laws by which a kingdom has been governed happily for five hundred years."[26] He thus ignored the Revolution, when no one dared to deny money to Oliver Cromwell upon pretence of Magna Charta. This revolution was to Hale, one cannot help but imagine, merely an incident. He referred to it as the "first breach which happens in this golden knot"—this golden knot being the English consti-

[21]Thomas Hedley, quoted in *Parliamentary Debates in 1610*, ed. by S. R. Gardiner (Camden Society, 1862), 72.

[22]Reported in *Commons Debates, 1621*, II, 343.

[23]Sir Mathew Hale, *Reflections by the Lord Chief Justice Hale on Mr. Hobbes Dialogue of the Law*, reprinted in Holdsworth, *A History of English Law*, V, 509.

[24]*Ibid.*, 504. [25]*Ibid.*, 503. [26]*Ibid.*, 504.

tution held together by the Common Law.[27] Hale's stress on the virtue of experience was no doubt partly conditioned by the fact that, even apart from Hobbes, the air in the seventeenth century was filled with abstract schemes and theories about government. They were the stock-in-trade of many a pamphleteer, and were frequently proposed more in anger than with serious intent.[28] Hale still harked back in many ways to the harmony of Tudor times. True, he admitted that some reforms of the laws might be advisable. But the reforms which he envisaged did not imply a change in the principles of the law: they provided merely for amendment.[29] Moreover, such amendments should be proposed only by prudent men after patient debate. The law had to be learned and studied before it could be known by the light of reason.[30] Here again we have the Common Lawyers' concept of a legal problem which could not be known by such an abstract "speculator" as Hobbes, who had not been trained at the Inns of Court.

To Hale it was madness to think that the "Modell of Laws of Government is to be framed according to such circumstances as but rarely ocurr."[31] Grasping the fact that Hobbes' theory bears the stamp of revolution, Hale accused him of basing his rejection of the Common Law on the necessity for emergency powers in stormy times. Here again, the Revolution to Hale was merely an incident in an otherwise happy historical development. To Hobbes, *salus populi* was *suprema lex*, and *salus populi* was the concern of those who had power enough to defend the people.[32] This argument must have had a familiar ring in Hale's ears. In the Ship Money Case, Lord Justice Finch had put forward a similar argument, when Hampden had refused to pay the tax upon pretence of Magna Charta. "No act of Parliament can bar the King of his regality or of his power to defend the people"—a contention which moved a member of the House of Commons to cry out that here *salus populi* had become not only *suprema* but *sola*

[27]". . . for certainly the great hapiness of any government rests principally in this, namely the mutuall confidence that the Governors have in the people . . . and that the Governed have in their Governors . . . and to secure this mutuall confidence was this ancient and sollemn Institution of oath of fidelity of the people to the Prince and of protection and upholding their first Liberties and Laws by the Prince to the people. And the first breach which happens in this golden knot. . . " (Hale, *Reflections*, 511). It is of some significance that whilst Hobbes in his scientific work, as is well known, tried among other things to square the circle, Hale, also an amateur scientist, was chiefly interested in "the evolution whereof human nature must consist" (Charles Singer, *A Short History of Science* (Oxford, 1941), 373).

[28]It is only natural that in times of revolution there should be many Utopias in circulation. "Opinions monstrous and prodigious started up every day and were broached with impunity in public and private, and multitudes were led astray" (Marsden, *Later Puritans*, quoted by Rufus M. Jones in *Mysticism and Democracy in the English Commonwealth* (Cambridge, Mass., 1932), 21).

[29]Sir Mathew Hale, *Considerations touching the Amendment or Alteration of Laws*, reprinted in *Hargraves Law Tracts* (Dublin, 1787), I, 256, 258.

[30]*Ibid.*, 253, 261, 274. See also Hale, *Reflections*, 506.

[31]*Reflections*, 512.

[32]Hobbes, *Behemoth*, 389.

lex.[33] The Sovereign's emergency powers had engulfed all the ordinary limitations of the Common Law. Yet even Finch had conceded that ordinarily the King could not make laws without Parliament. Here Hobbes, too, was in agreement. Normally the customs of the constitution might be observed; they should be abolished only when they became a handicap to the Sovereign in the performance of his duties. It is to the Sovereign's interest, furthermore, to make such laws as the people can endure.[34] Hobbes resurrected the old Royalist argument, also used by Finch: if in an emergency "Parliament sit not, it must be called, that requires six weeks time"; meanwhile the enemies of the state might have struck.[35] Thus the Sovereign would be prevented from performing his duties of protection, the fundamental point in his claim to sovereignty.

Hobbes, then, has a kind of precedent for part of his argument in the thought of the Royalist lawyers, though of course for Hobbes the Sovereign was he who had the power of the sword, be it the King or Parliament or Cromwell.

Hale, standing on the traditional ground of the Common Lawyers, believed like Coke and Fortescue before him that there were certain fundamental rights without the province of sovereignty. Matters that the Sovereign might not touch were included, for example, in the great charters of liberty or in the coronation oath.[36] These were positive rights, *jus* in the real sense of the word, the unalterable rights of the subject. To Hobbes such *jus* were merely negative in character, the liberty left to the individual to do anything which the law does not forbid or to leave undone anything which the law does not command.[37] The only fundamental law was not the great charters but the law of nature, which in its turn binds everyone to obey the rule of the Sovereign; and the only law binding the Sovereign was *salus populi*, his duty to defend the people.[38] Hale thus upheld the ancient laws and traditions, while Hobbes rejected them on the basis of his interpretation of universal reason and practical expediency.

Hale countered Hobbes on the political plane, but he rejected inquiry into fundamental concepts of right, justice, and reason as being beside the point: "Now if any the most refined brain under heaven would go about to inquire by speculation, or by reading of Plato and Aristotle to find out how

[33]Howell, *State Trials*, III, 1235. [34]Hobbes, *Dialogue*, 23, 157. [35]*Ibid.*, 19.

[36]Hale, *Reflections*, 508. Thomas Hobbes ridicules the idea inherent in the coronation oath, that the King should protect and corroborate the laws before they are made—whether they are good or bad (*Behemoth*, 293). To Hale the King's obligations entered into with the oath are a *potestas directiva*, a binding force. Hobbes professes to base himself here on Bracton, concluding that the "only bridle on the King of England ought to be the fear of God" (*Dialogue*, 32). Hobbes' misreading of Bracton is due to the fact that he did not understand Bracton's distinction between the sphere of government and administration, where the King is supreme, and that of law-making, which cannot be done without Parliament. See C. H. McIlwain, *Constitutionalism, Ancient and Modern* (Ithaca, 1940), 74, 77, 78. Here Hale was again in the medieval constitutional tradition: the making of law was nothing "rashly presumed by the will of the King alone" (*Reflections*, 504).

[37]*Dialogue*, 30. [38]Hobbes, *Behemoth*, 249.

lands descend in England or how Estates are here transferred . . . he would lose his labour, and spend his notions in vain, till he acquaint himself with the laws of England, and the reason is because they are institutions introduced by the will and consent of others implicitly by custom and usage, or explicitly by act of Parliament."[39] Here the fact that law had become the prerogative of legal specialists stands out. The sciences of law and politics had parted company. To Hobbes' charge that a man is condemned to death for the theft of a few shillings' worth of wood, the Common Lawyer in the *Dialogue* can only answer that "it has been so practiced time out of mind";[40] and Hale's rejection of inquiry into the fundamental bases of justice and right leads one to suspect that he, too, would have given a similar reply.

The relative weakness of the defence of the Common Lawyers is demonstrated by the seething movements for law reform during the times of the Commonwealth and Protectorate.[41] In a measure this agitation for reform was inspired by concepts of reason similar to that put forth by Thomas Hobbes. As we saw, Sir Robert Wiseman advocated the introduction of the Civil Law, on grounds of universal reason as understood by all men, and thus in his turn rejected the Common Law. Another school of thought regarded the Common Law as a protection of the mighty against the poor. To them the rule of the English law was as faulty as its rise, for William the Conqueror had wrested the law from the people, and "when oppression comes under the notion of law it is most ensnaring."[42] Yet even the radicals of this school believed in the law as a check on arbitrary power, be it a purged Common Law or a new law based on the abstract concept of right alone. To the Diggers, for example, law was to be a "rule and judge for all mans actions," a force to make men equal and to prohibit one man from transgressing against the other.[43] There is here no arbitrary power, no Sovereign outside the law. The basic importance of the criticism of Hobbes is its very thoroughness, the completeness with which it swept aside the Common Law binding Sovereign and subject alike, substituting omnicompetent authority for law as the one rule and judge in all man's actions.

It was against such a doctrine as Hobbes' that the great Chief Justice had to take up his pen. He was, of course, not the only defender of the

[39]Hale, *Reflections*, 505. [40]*Dialogue*, 94.

[41]Concerning the movement for law reform see Goldwin Smith, "The Reform of the Laws of England" (*University of Toronto Quarterly*, July, 1941, 469-82), and the short Appendix B to G. P. Gooch, *English Democratic Ideas in the Seventeenth Century*, ed. by Harold Laski (Cambridge, 1927). Sir Mathew Hale was a member of various committees on law reform during the Commonwealth period, but of course his reforms, which left all fundamental principles undisturbed, would have given no satisfaction to critics like Hobbes. Hale found it difficult to co-operate with the committees where the various grievances against the Common Law found expression, and divers special solutions were advocated. Cf. Smith, *op. cit.*, 476.

[42]Warr, *Corruption and Deficiency of the Laws of England*, 245.

[43]Gerrard Winstanley, *Law of Freedom in a Platform*, ed. by Max Radin, in *Occasional Papers, Sutro Branch, California State Library*, "English Reprint Series," No. 3 (1939), 36.

tradition of Coke and Fortescue. There were others, like Albertus Warren who with refreshing frankness appealed to the army to uphold the Common Law in the name of self-interest. If, for example, the land law were to be changed, persons holding estates of delinquent Royalists might find their property rights questioned. Thus "the law is a strong ligament in their fortunes."[44] Truly, in times of revolution all existing institutions are on trial. It seemed as if the battle for the preservation of the Common Law did not end with the Long Parliament and its victory. Criticism of the kind which Hobbes put forward was apparently dangerous enough to arouse an English Chief Justice to action. Their controversy amply demonstrates the divorce between legal practice and political theory.

Was Hobbes then a mere "speculator," as Hale charged? He, more truly than Sir Mathew Hale, had grasped the changes wrought by the Civil War. The days of Hale's harmonious state had passed away. The outcome of the Revolution was the growth to maturity of the doctrine of parliamentary sovereignty. With the industrial and social expansion of England, a strong central authority eventually became inevitable, and the Revolution had decided that this authority should be vested not in the King but in Parliament.

Professor Dicey, writing in the late nineteenth century, pointed out that the only external check on the sovereign Parliament was resistance by force, not by law.[45] Parliament in truth had become the supreme legislator, administrator, and judge. The internal check, to be sure, was tradition and custom as well as the pressure of public opinion. But where were the concrete constitutional sanctions against the new Sovereign? It was and is true that there are customs and traditions against which Parliament, like the medieval King, "neither wishes nor dares to go."[46] Hobbes' Sovereign, too, was to conform to customs and traditions whenever possible and practicable, but the punishment of Hobbes' Sovereign, like that of the supreme Parliament, lay only in Heaven in the last resort.[47] It is, therefore, a grave mistake to brush aside Hobbes' theory of the commonwealth with the simple statement that here might makes right, and that Hobbes' critique was merely a fleeting theory sprung from the teeming brain of a frightened philosopher.

[44]Albertus Warren, *Eight Reasons Categorical* (London, 1653), 4.

[45]A. V. Dicey, *Introduction to the Study of the Law of the Constitution* (5th ed.; London, 1897), 73, 76. "Legally, we have no fundamental rights in Great Britain," Professor H. J. Laski writes. "We trust for their protection to the ordinary constitutional machinery of the state. And, in quiet times, we need not doubt that such protection is ample for all necessary purposes. The problem lies in the fact that in periods of rapid social change, the substance of what appears fundamental to one sort of opinion does not appear to be fundamental to another." *Parliamentary Government in England* (New York, 1938), 41. This uncertainty as to the unchanging, fundamental rights of the people is the very thing which a Common Lawyer like Hale wanted to avoid by clinging to a "certain" law that lay without the reach of every man's moral speculations or a Sovereign's arbitrariness (*Reflections*, 503-4).

[46]*Chronicon Monasterii de Abingdon*, Rolls Series, I, 297, quoted in McIlwain, *Constitutionalism, Ancient and Modern*, 67, note 30.

[47]Hobbes, *Dialogue*, 23.

Professor W. S. Holdsworth believes that it was the views of Coke and the Common Lawyers which gained the victory with the triumph of Parliament.[48] That is certainly true in part: the Restoration swept away the hopes of the movement towards law reform.[49] Law became the "mystery" of legal specialists, no longer to be fitted into a coherent theory of politics. However, the omnicompetent Parliament slowly emerging from the struggles of the seventeenth century seems not too far removed from the model and concept of Thomas Hobbes. By the end of the century, Parliament, through control over the armed forces, had indeed gotten Hobbes' main prerequisite for the right to sovereignty in its hands: the power to defend the people. Like Hobbes' theory, the full-blown doctrine of parliamentary sovereignty was an artificial creation not lodged securely in the ancient customs and precedents of the Common Law. But then, it has been said of the period of the English Revolution, "no creation of that period of stress could be anything but artificial,"[50] and this, though here applying to the sovereignty of Parliament, might as well be said to apply to what Hobbes called law.

[48] *A History of English Law*, V, 491.

[49] See Smith, "The Reform of the Laws of England" (*University of Toronto Quarterly*, July, 1941, 480).

[50] C. H. McIlwain, *High Court of Parliament and its Supremacy* (New Haven, 1934), 375.

THE CHARACTER AND POETRY OF KEATS

ARCHIBALD LAMPMAN

(With a prefatory note by E. K. BROWN)

"The Character and Poetry of Keats" was written on one hundred and thirty-two large sheets, subsequently bound into a notebook with flexible brown covers; the script is large and bold, and there are scarcely any corrections; on the reverse of a few sheets there are false starts. The only study of Keats to which Lampman refers is Lord Houghton's Life and Letters of John Keats; *and the principle of organization in his essay is Houghton's, the chronological. The text he used for his quotations from the poems was the Aldine (edited by Houghton), or some reprint of it; for the text of the letters he depended on Houghton's biography.*[1] *He does not quote from the letters to Fanny Brawne.*

Keats was the strongest literary influence upon Lampman, except, perhaps, in the last years of his life. In 1894 he confessed in a letter: "I am only just now getting quite clear of the spell of that marvellous person, and it has taken me ten years to do it. Keats has always had such a fascination for me, and has so permeated my whole mental outfit, that I have an idea that he has found a sort of faint reincarnation in me."[2] *In the essay that follows, composed the year before he made this confession, Lampman gives his ripe judgment of Keats the poet and Keats the man. For the man, whose life in several respects was significantly like his own, he felt an intimate sympathy and a reverent respect. For the student of Lampman the man and Lampman the poet his opinions of Keats are of high importance. In Professor Carl Connor's biography some aspects of the essay are summarized;*[3] *but it is now thought wise to make a large part of the text available.*[4]

In the pages that follow much more than one half of the text is reproduced. Most of the omissions are of passages quoted from the poems or the letters, or of accounts of material happenings in Keats' life, based on Houghton and other early biographers. Nothing that has been omitted could significantly alter the bearing of the appreciations and estimates of individual poems of which, apart from the introduction, these extracts principally consist. A few words of comment, set down in passing, on various poems which did not arrest Lampman's attention are the only references to poems that have not been reproduced. It is clear that Lampman wrote the earlier parts of the essay on the scale of a somewhat longer work, and that as he drew towards a close he made both his quotations and comments briefer. He is not the first interpreter of Keats, nor the last, to give a disproportionate emphasis to the collection of 1817 and to

[1]The quotations have been corrected and are given as in H. W. Garrod's text for the poems and M. B. Forman's text for the letters.

[2]See *Lyrics of Earth*, ed. by Duncan Campbell Scott (1925), 31-2.

[3]Carl Connor, *Archibald Lampman, Canadian Poet of Nature* (1929), 139-42.

[4]The punctuation has been altered for clarity at many points. The few words which have been supplied here and there to complete the sense have been set within square brackets.

Endymion. *The passages on* Endymion *and on the odes are studded with happy and suggestive phrases such as only a kindred spirit could find. They enrich the treasury of Keats-criticism.*

The son-in-law and daughter of Archibald Lampman, Mr. and Mrs. T. R. Loftus MacInnes, have kindly consented to the publication of the extracts. The manuscript is in their possession.

I

THERE are two sayings of John Keats which have passed upon all men's tongues, and made their way into the inner treasury of the English language. They have become proverbial. One is the first line of *Endymion*, "A thing of Beauty is a joy forever," and the other the two last lines of the "Ode on a Grecian Urn":

> Beauty is truth, truth beauty,—that is all
> Ye know on earth, and all ye need to know.

When Keats used this word Beauty he meant it in that clear and lofty sense which is not always attached to the term. Beauty is often loosely spoken of, as if it were merely a single word for artistic perfection. But a thing may be perfectly genuine art without being beautiful at all and without being true. We know how much poetry of a very fervid sort has been written within the last quarter of a century, which is quite splendid from the point of view of art, and thoroughly satisfactory to the devotees of Art for Art's sake, yet is entirely unlovely in the white light of Beauty and Truth. Such poetry disturbs. It is of the darkness of doubt, of that darkest doubt of all, which has lost confidence in the existence or the possibility of purity and self-sacrifice. But Beauty cannot disturb. It ennobles the heart, lifting it into an atmosphere of golden quietude and the purest human loveliness. Keats might also have said that Beauty was Goodness as well as Truth, and then the aphorism would have been complete, for that which is beautiful and true in this lofty sense must also be good.

So perfect a confidence have I myself in this profound utterance of the poet that it is for me the complete answer to those mechanical realists who find no merit in many of our elder writers, because they sought the groundwork of their creations in a region of apparent unreality—to Carlyle for instance, when he roughly pointed out Alfred Tennyson as one "sitting upon a dung-hill surrounded by innumerable dead dogs." It is a shallow view of the duty of the poet. All that should be required of him is that his work be beautiful—beautiful in that high sense of which we have spoken; and then whatever characters or scenes he may clothe with the softness or the majesty of his verse will be perfectly true to us, whether we have ever met with them upon earth or not. Whatever creation of the human imagination is genuinely beautiful is produced by an impulse derived from, and allied to, the power of the Divine Creator himself, and it has the right to exist. There is an energy in the spirit of the true poet which realizes what he creates, and if his spirit be in harmony with the indestructible impulse of

the general soul of humanity toward love and knowledge and peace, makes it beautiful and true and good, but if he be waywardly out of harmony with that universal impulse, makes it, however forcible the conception, false and unfair and bad.

In the beginning of the nineteenth century this human spirit of Beauty was no new thing, but to no one up to that time had it revealed itself with such radiant fullness of revelation as to Keats; and he for the first time enveloped the images of poetry, and the representations of nature and human life, in that April sunshine of loveliness which passed on from him as an inheritance to Tennyson and Browning and the poets who are now living. That which had only been an intermittent fire in the elder poets, became an abiding glow in the genius of Keats. In the first of our poets, Chaucer, the "morning star of song," the note is present. Every reader of Chaucer carries in his heart the exquisite remembrance of many lines and couplets, in which are mentioned, in an accent of joyous tenderness, the flowers, or the birds, or the rain. In Shakespeare, who comprehended all things within his mighty soul, the quality which in our time we think of as the quality of Keats meets us in a multitude of passages:

> When in the chronicle of wasted time
> I see descriptions of the fairest wights,
> And Beauty making beautiful old rime
> In praise of ladies dead and lovely knights,
> Then in the blazon of sweet beauty's best,
> Of hand, of foot, of lip, of eye, of brow,
> I see their antique pen would have expressed
> Even such a beauty as you master now.

This is the language of Beauty, and it is like the language of Keats. Keats is the only poet of later time who approached Shakespeare in that faculty of liquid and appealing eloquence, that perfect naturalness of passionate poetic utterance, which fits the thought as with a transparent and at the same time closely clinging garment. That is why I cannot help thinking, as Monckton Milnes thought, that if Keats had lived and deepened his experience, he would have developed an uncommon aptitude for the drama.

But the beauty of Keats' earlier imaginings reminds us perhaps not so much of Shakespeare as of some of his contemporaries. He was enchanted from the first with the spirit of the Elizabethan pastoral; and he not only caught perfectly, but carried to the highest possible pitch in *Endymion*, the grace and freshness and ideal charm of the sort of poetry best exemplified in passages of the *Forsaken Shepherdess* of Beaumont and Fletcher and the *Sad Shepherd* of Ben Jonson. These pastorals and the *Faerie Queene* of Edmund Spenser were the sources from which he first drew his inspiration.

The study of Milton too assisted considerably in strengthening our poet's passion for beauty, and somewhat in developing the quality of his later diction. It seems quite natural that the "Comus" and "Lycidas," "L'Allegro," "Il Penseroso," and the sonnets were the first of Milton's poems to appeal to him. He was very early attracted by their large and classic

beauty—that beauty so noble and so staid, which came in the beginning upon the field of English verse like his own figure of morning "with pilgrim footsteps clad in amice gray." It was not however until the third year of his life as a poet that he applied himself to the study of *Paradise Lost*, and the result is apparent in the massive movement of many of the passages in *Hyperion*.

The strongest other influences which affected the poetry of Keats were the political and literary atmosphere of his own age, the introduction to classic mythology, which his imagination seized upon with the swiftness and certainty of natural affinity, and the sufferings of mind and body into which he had fallen, when his last and finest works were written.

Keats was born shortly after the close of the long intermediary period, during which English poetry had passed through successive stages of artificiality, until it had reached the point at which either rebellion or collapse was imminent. We all know how the general impetus given by the rise of the new ideas in Europe threw the decision in favour of rebellion, and already the early captains of that rebellion, Wordsworth, Coleridge, Southey, Scott, Byron, and Hunt, had appeared.

It was an age of romantic upheaval and spiritual awakening, such as had not been known since the days of Elizabeth. At a distance of eighty or ninety years, we can hardly present to ourselves any adequate conception of the gorgeous images that floated before the imaginations of the young poets and artists of that day. They were like youthful Titans casting off from themselves magnificently the sordid conventions, false rules and fettering theories forged in the growth of two benighted centuries. They trod the earth like gods, and their foreheads touched the stars. It is the prime glory of the poetry of Shelley that it has given us the fullest expression of that wild and promethean spirit. Already in 1830 or 1840, when Tennyson and Browning came, this golden effervescence had nearly passed away, and men were settling down to the long task of sifting the chaotic ideas of their predecessors, and perfecting what there was in them of true and permanent through the application of clear and happy intelligence and devoted art. With them was the full light of mid-day and the quiet ardour of workmanship; with the earlier poets it was the dawning and the dream.

Keats did not enter into the social and political side of this revolutionary spirit as Shelley, Wordsworth and Coleridge did, for he was neither scientist, philosopher nor politician, but the poet pure and simple. Nevertheless the spirit bore abundant fruit in him, in the fresh and defiant splendour of his imagination and the joyous and daring confidence with which he set aside the most firmly rooted poetic traditions of his day.

II

In 1815, in his twentieth year, the "Epistle to Felton Matthew" was written—verses crude enough, but revealing for the first time the emerging individual accent of a new poetry. In this and the succeeding Epistles we

have the young poet's developing consciousness laid bare—the groping after the poetic life, the yearning, the aspiration, the alternating moods of alluring hope and shrinking despondency—till in the last poem, "Sleep and Poetry," the clear bold note is rung, the die is cast, the dreamer believes that the god's gift is upon him, and he fares forth bravely to make trial of his destiny. In the second Epistle, of a year later, we find a somewhat warmer power flowing through the versification, an easier touch, a freer fancy, and in particular some notable lines. It opens with the same questioning despondency, which forms the background of every luminous picture of the glory of poetry in these yearning, tentative first efforts; but nevertheless the poet draws comfort and hope from those operations of his own mind, which he cannot but feel are allied to something unusual and divine:

> At times 'tis true, I've felt relief from pain
> When some bright thought has darted through my brain:
> Through all that day I've felt a greater pleasure
> Than if I'd brought to light a hidden treasure.

It was this wide-sighted self-distrust, buoyed up by irrepressible impulse, which accounts for the enormous strides toward maturity of imagination and technical power which Keats made within three years after the publication of his first book. This searching and insatiable self-criticism—the surest indication of greatness in an artist—forbade him rest in any achievement, and continually nerved him to a firmer and wider expansion of his gift.

The third Epistle, to his friend Charles Cowden Clarke, was written about a month later than the foregoing one. It opens with the same doubting touch. He declares that he had not addressed his friend before in verse for the reason that he could not think of any of his rhymes as worthy of his reading. He confesses that it was he who first taught him all the "sweets of song," and then we come upon those famous lines descriptive of the various kinds of verse:

> Spenserian vowels that elope with ease,
> And float along like birds o'er summer seas;
> Miltonian storms, and more, Miltonian tenderness;
> Michael in arms, and more, meek Eve's fair slenderness,
> Who read for me the sonnet swelling loudly
> Up to its climax and then dying proudly?
> Who found for me the grandeur of the ode,
> Growing, like Atlas, stronger from its load?
> Who let me taste that more than cordial dram,
> The sharp, the rapier-pointed epigram?
> Shewed me that epic was of all the king,
> Round, vast, and spanning all like Saturn's ring?

We realize, almost with a start, upon reading these lines, to what a height the young poet had already attained in sureness of insight, breadth of imagination, and concinnity of expression.

The poem of so many beauties with which this volume begins, "I stood tip-toe upon a little hill," must have been written after the Epistles. It is full of spring-like harbingers of the summer luxuriance to come. Opening

in buoyant and delicious surrenderment to every yielded beauty of field and stream, the poet soon slips into the old mood of dreaming—in these verses happy dreaming—over the joys and significance of poetry. He ends by touching two of the subjects afterwards treated in his greater verse—the stories of Psyche and Endymion—thus affording another example of the tendency of every strong creative imagination to lay hold of certain ideas in which it finds an instinctive affinity, and retain them in growth and fermentation till they have become so completely a part of its natural life as to flow authoritatively and without effort into expression. This poem contains some of Keats' liveliest and most beautiful descriptive lines, as for instance:

> Here are sweet peas on tip-toe for a flight:
> With wings of gentle flush o'er delicate white,
> And taper fingers catching at all things,
> To bind them all about with tiny rings.

Even where the versification is still crude and boyish, there is a most gladsome tenderness and brightness of fancy that makes these verses precious to every poetic ear. In the following lines Keats gives the first beautiful example of that exquisite sense, which he above all others bred into English poetry, of the convertibility of all kinds of ideas into terms of the subtlest impressions gathered from field and forest and sky and sea:

> In the calm grandeur of a sober line,
> We see the waving of the mountain pine;
> And when a tale is beautifully staid,
> We feel the safety of a hawthorn glade.

Keats never touched the classic mythology without breaking into a richer vein of versification. Although he knew nothing of Greek and very little of Latin, he had managed through the study of the most ordinary compendiums of mythology, and by the sheer force of his vital and unerring sense of beauty, to people his imagination with the moving and breathing figures of the ancient religion, rekindling in his own genius all the charm and poetry of the life of antiquity. What more simply lovely could there be than [the] lines describing the beneficent influence of Cynthia's bridal night, equal in quiet picturesque sweetness to anything in *Endymion?*

When we have read "Sleep and Poetry," we leave our poet's apprentice volume with the first immortal trumpet-note, the first assured prophecy ringing in our ears. This poem is his profession of faith and declaration of rights. Though not yet altogether without doubt, he bravely assumes the port of the poet, and cheerily flings the singing robes about him:

> Though I do not know
> The shiftings of the mighty winds that blow
> Hither and thither all the changing thoughts
> Of man: though no great minist'ring reason sorts
> Out the dark mysteries of human souls
> To clear conceiving: yet there ever rolls
> A vast idea before me, and I glean
> Therefrom my liberty; thence too I've seen
> The end and aim of Poesy.

That "vast idea" was an illimitable world of Beauty, which at that time no doubt he rather felt as a presence near and large and luminous, than saw as a plan carried out in any distinctness of detail before him. And yet he had a sort of picture, hopeful and magnificent, of the onward movement of his life-work, expanding from stage to stage:

> First the realm I'll pass
> Of Flora and old Pan: sleep in the grass,
> Feed upon apples red, and strawberries,
> And choose each pleasure that my fancy sees.

Then:

> Can I ever bid these joys farewell?
> Yes, I must pass them for a nobler life,
> Where I may find the agonies, the strife
> Of human hearts.

Then comes that glittering vision of poetry as a charioteer, who "looks out upon the winds with glorious fear." The poet looks back with reverence and passionate regret to the age of the early poets and questions of his own:

> Is there so small a range
> In the present strength of manhood, that the high
> Imagination cannot freely fly
> As she was wont of old?

He wonders what madness could have fallen on the intermediate times that all the elder glories should have been forgotten. Then he returns to the hope, the rising and gathering hope, of his own generation, and states in most beautiful phrase his idea of the true mission of poetry. He thinks that the newly awakened sweetness of song had been often misapplied, had been made the servant not of Beauty but rather of a superhuman despair and terror; and no doubt in the following lines he has Byron partly in view:

> Yet in truth we've had
> Strange thunders from the potency of song;
> Mingled indeed with what is sweet and strong,
> From majesty: but in clear truth the themes
> Are ugly clubs, the Poets Polyphemes,
> Disturbing the grand sea.

Then follow the lines:

> A drainless shower
> Of light is poesy; 'tis the supreme of power;
> 'Tis might half slumb'ring on its own right arm.
> The very archings of her eye-lids charm
> A thousand willing agents to obey,
> And still she governs with the mildest sway:
> But strength alone though of the Muses born
> Is like a fallen angel: trees uptorn,
> Darkness, and worms, and shrouds, and sepulchres
> Delight it; for it feeds upon the burrs
> And thorns of life; forgetting the great end
> Of poesy, that it should be a friend
> To soothe the cares, and lift the thoughts of man.

Once more in the same poem he says:

> They shall be accounted poet kings
> Who simply tell the most heart-easing things.

This was the doctrine of poetry which Keats professed and followed in his own writing. This was the prompting of that spirit of Beauty which he was gathering, deepening and purifying from the elder poets, and which he would exalt almost into a new evangel in the worship of verse. He had no sympathy with the art which aims only to excite, which searches the wild and waste places of life for its material, dealing in the strange and the abnormal, and laying bare the nakedness of passion. He considered all this an unhappy misapplication of the sacred gift, which was intended to relieve the sordid gloom of human existence, by accustoming the minds of men to the most exquisite sensations, and filling them with the noblest and most beautiful images. He did not love poetry only in and for itself, but because there was a sacred and eternal use in poetry. For him poetry was a living spirit, whose influence was too wide a thing to be degraded to an instrument for delineating insanities and eccentricities. It should be clear, spontaneous, and inevitable as the movement of the universe itself. It should only deal with such things as in their essences should accord with that divine and universal harmony. "Poetry," he says in one of his letters, "should be great and unobtrusive, a thing which enters into one's soul, and does not startle it or amaze it with itself, but with its subject.—How beautiful are the retired flowers! how would they lose their beauty were they to throng into the highway, crying out 'admire me, I am a violet!—dote upon me, I am a primrose!' "

The other noteworthy contents of the first volume were the sonnets and the beautiful lines beginning "Hadst thou liv'd in days of old," composed in that short tripping measure in couplets which Milton was fond of using, holding it in such sober and stately control. In Keats' hands it is freed from some of its trammels, and assumes a swifter sprightlier grace. This poem and the fine sonnet, "Nymph of the downward smile, and sidelong glance," were addressed to a lady who afterwards became the wife of his brother George, and whom the poet also admired for a certain singular and unconventional beauty and impulsive candour of spirit which she possessed. When George Keats and his wife afterwards settled in America, some of John's wittiest and wisest letters were addressed to her.

Of the other sonnets only four are of remarkable excellence, and of these the one "On first looking into Chapman's Homer" is the most famous. It is indeed one of the finest of English sonnets, and the irresistible beauty and unexpectedness of the image with which it closes must have borne for its first readers the very signmark of a fresh and undoubted genius. The sonnet "To my brother George" contains the lines very simply and nobly suggestive:

> The ocean with its vastness, its blue green,
> Its ships, its rocks, its caves, its hopes, its fears,—
> Its voice mysterious, which whoso hears
> Must think on what will be and what has been.

The one beginning "Keen, fitful gusts are whisp'ring here and there," an exquisite piece of romantic gladness and grace, was composed one wintry night, as he returned homeward from a congenial gathering at Leigh Hunt's house, where the talk had no doubt been of the usual exuberant and inspiriting kind. The sonnets addressed to Haydon are a record of his friendship, at one time intense, and never wholly relinquished, with one of the most singular and unfortunate men of that time—unfortunate indeed, if we consider that there is no destiny more bitter and tragical than that of the man who has all the unconquerable aspirations of genius, but lacks some of the subtler gifts which are essential to creative success. The members of the Hunt circle would frequently meet in Haydon's studio, and criticize and talk on every imaginable subject while the painter worked at his easel. It was in memorial of one of these meetings that Keats wrote the sonnet "Great spirits now on earth are sojourning," an enthusiastic tribute to Wordsworth, Hunt, and Haydon. Keats always expressed profound admiration of Wordsworth, but at this time the feeling was unmarred by a certain irritating effect of personal contact which undoubtedly influenced some of his expressions in regard to the elder poet a year or two later. Both writers were bound up in poetry, but their poetical creeds ran too far counter to each other to have enabled them ever to enter into sympathetic companionship. Keats was a spirit after Matthew Arnold's heart, a man who preferred to maintain a perfect flexibility of intelligence, keeping his mind open to all impressions. He abhorred dogma, and resented every attempt to confine him within the bounds of any creed, philosophy, or formula whatsoever. We know that the root of all Wordsworth's later work was his peculiar philosophy of life, and that everything not adaptable to this philosophy he regarded with at least cold indifference. [Keats'] impatience at fixed ideas, and anything like intellectual control, led to a certain cooling in [his] friendship [with] Hunt at a later period, and I have no doubt that it accounts in great part for the fact that Keats never entered into any intimacy with Shelley, although abundant opportunity was thrown in his way. Shelley also had his fixed idea, a theory of life, which was not so much a philosophy as a fanaticism, and he preached it with all the importunate zeal of a religious propagandist. I can imagine that Keats carefully fought shy of such a man, and would have done much to avoid very frequent contact with him. The fact is that in the character of Keats there was a basis of sweet, honest common sense, and an intense susceptibility to all the tender affections and sympathies of ordinary life, which bred in him a repulsion to things wild, irregular, and abnormal. Shelley, with all his aspiring imagination, benevolent activities, and visionary fervours, was an egotist—a magnificent one, if you will—yet still an egotist. He was capable of forgetting that in the struggle for our own spiritual emancipation we have no right to risk the ruin of any other human soul. Shelley's was a humanity which did not show well under the common and necessary tests.

But to return to Keats' first volume, all through these poems, whether in the sonnets or the longer pieces, whatever failures or imperfections there may be, and whatever boyish crudities of expression, there is everywhere a beautiful vivacity, a sense of an overbubbling ecstasy of enjoyment, which renders this book as a first product interesting and unique. How was it that Keats, a half-educated lad, the son of a stable-keeper in the crowded city of London, possessed this special freshness of perception, this glowing and quivering susceptibility to every natural beauty? No doubt, in the first place, through some subtle blending of blood and spirit, rarely repeated, he was born with an exquisite genius for poetry, but I am inclined to suspect that he owed the singular *freshness* of his gift partly to the very fact of his having been brought up amidst the most artificial and prosaic surroundings. He owed something to the effect of contrast. When he at length burst into the world of poetry, made the acquaintance of witty and brilliant men, and found the liberty of earth and sea before his feet, the glorious newness of the life opening to him lifted his spirit to a joyous pitch of inspiration which he would not have known, had he been bred among tranquil country scenes or educated at the Universities in early contact with ability and culture.

III

Endymion, if too immature to be one of the very few greatest, is at least one of the most interesting of English poems. It is interesting not only for its beauty, and the profusion of imaginative riches expended upon it, but also as a study of Keats' extraordinarily rapid development, and of the final tentative stage through which he attained at once that royal mastery of versification apparent in all his subsequent pieces. It is also interesting as being without doubt, in a certain general sense, an allegory. In this exquisite story of the love of the Shepherd-Prince Endymion for the Moon-Goddess, and the troublous wanderings in earth and sea and air through which he was perfected and purified for union with an immortal, the poet vaguely intended to figure the search of his own soul after the spirit of Beauty, or the spirit of Poetry—a consummation which meant for him happiness. The pith and kernel of the meaning of the poem is in these lines:

> Wherein lies happiness? In that which becks
> Our ready minds to fellowship divine,
> A fellowship with essence; till we shine,
> Full alchemiz'd, and free of space. Behold
> The clear religion of heaven!

Viewed in particular, how many incomparably lovely things there are in this hastily written and imperfectly connected romance! With what happy suggestions he announces the plan of his labours:

So I will begin
Now while I cannot hear the city's din;
Now while the early budders are just new,
And run in mazes of the youngest hue
About old forests; while the willow trails
Its delicate amber; and the dairy pails
Bring home increase of milk. And, as the year
Grows lush in juicy stalks, I'll smoothly steer
My little boat, for many quiet hours,
With streams that deepen freshly into bowers.
Many and many a verse I hope to write,
Before the daisies, vermeil-rimm'd and white,
Hide in deep herbage; and ere yet the bees
Hum about globes of clover and sweet peas,
I must be near the middle of my story.
O may no wintry season, bare and hoary,
See it half-finished: but let Autumn bold,
With universal tinge of sober gold,
Be all about me when I make an end.

And then the opening scene—the fresh woodland glade, with its marble altar sacred to Pan—the trooping of children and the gathering of the elder shepherd folk at dawn for sacrifice—the venerable priest—the simple rites so picturesquely touched—and the joy and varied converse of the succeeding festival—with what magic of quiet pastoral beauty they prepare us for the varied and fantastic but always beautiful scenes that follow! The episode of Adonis, perhaps too cloyingly overtouched, but yet wonderfully beautiful (and we must remember that the poet was not giving us a personal conception of manly beauty, but merely reviving a dream of antiquity)—the sudden passage of Endymion from the tremendous subterranean cavern into the sea, and the magical stroke of art with which it is portrayed,

He turn'd—there was a whelming sound—he stept,
There was a cooler light; and so he kept
Towards it by a sandy path, and lo!
More suddenly than doth a moment go,
The visions of the earth were gone and fled—
He saw the giant sea above his head.

—the story of Glaucus—the picture of Circe's bower and her horrible incantations: and that description, most tender and most lovely, of the translucent ocean sepulchre, wherein Glaucus had gathered and laid away the bodies of shipwrecked lovers throughout all the thousand years of his withered old age—the gorgeous scenes in the sea-palace of Neptune—the image of sleep in the fourth book—and the tranquil tenderness of the concluding lines: all these must be mentioned for they unite together to produce the effect of an indescribable charm.

When Keats wrote *Endymion* he was in the very hey-day of his young inspiration. Possessed by the novelty and splendour of his subject, and impatient to reach the consciousness of a mighty task performed, he went to work upon it with an intense and headlong energy. He had as yet no moulded style of diction, or settled habit of versification, so he toiled on

with his story recklessly, working in the wealth of his fancy and imagination in almost overpowering profusion, fashioning and breaking up his lines, phrases and sentences in every conceivable way, turning and twisting and supplementing the ideas to suit the rhymes with inexhaustible ingenuity, and sometimes permitting this necessity of the rhyme to lead him off into the subtlest and most out of the way conceits. The following is one of innumerable passages which might be chosen as examples both of the poet's swift fertility of invention and his recklessness in manipulating rhymes:

> The Morphean fount
> Of that fine element that visions, dreams,
> And fitful whims of sleep are made of, streams
> Into its airy channel with so subtle,
> So thin a breathing, not the spider's shuttle,
> Circled a million times within the space
> Of a swallow's nest-door, could delay a trace,
> A tinting of its quality.

But the eager rush for the rhyme occasionally tempted him to accept images and ideas which, ingenious as they might be, were quite questionable from the artistic point of view, as for instance:

> For in good truth
> Our vows are wanting to our great god Pan.
> Are not our lowing heifers sleeker than
> Night-swollen mushrooms?

Sometimes it resulted in such oddities as this:

> Be still the unimaginable lodge
> For solitary thinkings; such as dodge
> Conception to the very bourne of heaven,
> Then leave the naked brain.

Once in a while in his impatience he forgot the dignity of his theme altogether, as when he makes Venus issue this every day sort of invitation to Endymion:

> Pr'ythee soon,
> Even in the passing of thine honey-moon,
> Visit thou my Cythera: thou wilt find
> Cupid well-natured, my Adonis kind;
> And pray persuade with thee—Ah, I have done,
> All blisses be upon thee, my sweet son!

Yet crude and hasty as the diction of the poem is as a whole, we meet with frequent passages in which the full light of the poet's inspiration seems to glow upon him, and he gives us a perfect foretaste of *Lamia* or *Hyperion*. What could be better than this:

> It was a sounding grotto, vaulted vast,
> O'erstudded with a thousand, thousand pearls,
> And crimson mouthed shells with stubborn curls,
> Of every shape and size, even to the bulk
> In which whales arbour close, to brood and sulk
> Against an endless storm.

In such lines as the following, we almost touch the full tone of *Hyperion:*

> At this with madden'd stare,
> And lifted hands, and trembling lips he stood;
> Like old Deucalion mountain'd o'er the flood,
> Or blind Orion hungry for the morn.

or in these others:

> Thy bright team
> Gulphs in the morning light, and scuds along
> To bring thee nearer to that golden song
> Apollo singeth, while his chariot
> Waits at the doors of heaven.

And what more perfectly realized bit of picturing has ever been penned by any sea-worshipper than this:

> As when heav'd anew
> Old ocean rolls a lengthened wave to the shore,
> Down whose green back the short-liv'd foam, all hoar,
> Bursts gradual, with a wayward indolence.

Endymion was Keats' great apprentice task, and in it he worked out all his crudities and weaknesses, and had done with them forever. No one was more acutely aware of its faults and immaturity than Keats himself, and there could not be a stronger evidence of the real power of the man than his stoical ability to regard the fruit of so much thought and labour as a mere exercise and clearing of the way for something better to come. "My Ideas with respect to it," he says in a letter to Haydon, "I assure you, are very low—and I would write the subject thoroughly again—but I am tired of it and think the time would be better spent in writing a new Romance, which I have in my eye for next summer." "In *Endymion*," he writes in another letter, "I leaped headlong into the Sea and thereby I have become better acquainted with the Soundings, the quicksands, and the rocks, than if I had stayed upon the green shore, and piped a silly pipe, and took tea and comfortable advice.—I was never afraid of failure; for I would sooner fail than not be among the greatest."

The preface which now stands at the beginning of the poem is an example of this admirable modesty and manly self-knowledge in the character of Keats. We are told, however, that it was substituted in deference to the earnest advice of his friends for an earlier one, which was not by any means so humble; for Keats with all his wisdom and faculty of seeing things as they are, was full of defiance and combative pride. He says in regard to it in a letter to Reynolds: "I have not the slightest feel of humility towards the Public—or to anything in existence but the eternal Being, the Principle of Beauty, and the Memory of great Men. When I am writing for myself for the mere sake of the Moment's enjoyment, perhaps nature has its course with me—but a Preface is written to the Public; a thing I cannot help looking upon as an Enemy, and which I cannot address without feelings of Hostility."

IV

He intended [*Hyperion*] to be the final and perfected fruit of the love of Greek legend which had hitherto afforded the keenest stimulus to his sense of beauty. This extraordinary poem grew under his hands at intervals during the winter and spring of 1819, until it reached the length of about two books and a half, 883 lines in all. The form and manner of it were to a certain extent due to the poet's recent study of *Paradise Lost*. I cannot see that there [are] more than half a dozen lines here and there in which there [is] anything like a direct imitation of Milton's phrase, but the influence is discernible in the immensity of the scale upon which all its figures are drawn, the set and lofty flow of the diction, and the elemental grandeur of the imagery. It is not an imitation of Milton, but a resumption and adaptation in a different key and to a different colouring, of the spirit of Milton. It was a fruit of that delight in grand writing for its own sake which up to this time Keats not only felt but often expressed: "I am convinced more and more every day," he says, "that (excepting the human friend Philosopher) a fine writer is the most genuine Being in the World. Shakspeare and the paradise Lost every day become greater wonders to me. I look upon fine Phrases like a lover." Nevertheless, even now, there was something developing in his soul which compelled him to a discontent with that excellence which was purely artistic, however grand. It was the rapid growth of this feeling which rendered it impossible for him to continue *Hyperion*. "I have given up Hyperion," he says in September of this same year, "there were too many Miltonic inversions in it—Miltonic verse cannot be written but in an artful or rather artist's humour. I wish to give myself up to other sensations." In other words his genius was growing and the realities of purely human effort and human passion were beginning to claim their inevitable right to absorb and direct his creative impulse. I think we [need] not regret that this poem was not finished; at the same time what a loss our literature would have sustained, had it never been begun. It remains a fragment equally grand and beautiful, a monument of the sheer power of the imagination, and the glory of flexile and masterful language.

In January 1819 Keats wrote "The Eve of St. Agnes" which is, next to the Odes, the most successful of all his poems. How indicative it is of the extraordinary buoyancy and energy of Keats' genius that in an interval of the composition of a work like *Hyperion*, the embodiment of the restrained and statuesque, his imagination should have clothed itself, so suddenly and so perfectly, in all the glamour of medieval romance, conveying with that warm and luxurious touch the essence of things tenderly beautiful and so long past and gone. From the first line to the last there is not a false note, not a deviation from the fine strain of the imagining, not a shadow of sinking in the exquisite current of the music. In conception, form, cadence and diction, the enchantment is complete. Who that has ever read it does not find ringing in his ears line upon line of that magical versification? The poet displays more frequently in this poem, I think, than in any other that

unerring selective sense which only the supreme poets have, the faculty of seizing upon the one particular image necessary to convey in a single phrase the perfect effect of the scene:

> St. Agnes' Eve—Ah, bitter chill it was!
> The owl for all his feathers was a-cold.

There is a chill in the very phrase.

About the end of January another poem "The Eve of Saint Mark" was begun. This interesting fragment, which was not included in the collected works, is still another example of the poet's great versatility. We have no means of ascertaining what the intent of the poem was, but the manner of the lines which are written seems to point to that reaching out after the actual, that deepening seriousness of motive and desire for direct character painting, which led to the abandonment of *Hyperion*.

The opening of spring was always a time of renewed inspiration with Keats, and the spring of 1819 was the season of his greatest good fortune as a poet, for it gave us five at least of the Odes. A nightingale had built her nest in a plum-tree in the garden of the house occupied by Keats and Brown at Hampstead, and we are told that Keats experienced the utmost delight in her singing. One morning he took his chair from the breakfast-table, and sat for two or three hours under the tree. When he came in, Brown noticed that he had a number of scraps of paper in his hand, which he was endeavouring to thrust behind some books. Brown secured possession of them, and with the help of the poet arranged them in their proper order. This was the "Ode to a Nightingale," beyond comparison the most perfect and the most beautiful poem of the kind in our language. If we compare these mellowed and assured stanzas with any of Keats' work of former years, we perceive in them a deepening of the tone which comes to every true poet gradually with the deepening of experience, and especially the experience of suffering.

Our language hardly shows another example of actual and evident despair sublimated through the controlling spirit of Beauty into a strain of such tender but utter melancholy. Many poets have given expression to pain in their own forceful and outright fashions; but with Keats it was a necessity of the fullness of his poetic nature that all things had to reach utterance by passing through the atmosphere of Beauty, leaving behind them everything that was raw and violent in the process. His very life-blood, falling drop by drop, must mould itself into some exquisite form.

The "Ode on a Grecian Urn" and the much inferior "Ode to Indolence" we owe partly to a visit paid by Keats in February to the marbles in the British Museum. It seems to me that the "Ode on a Grecian Urn" marks an epoch in English literature. It was a sort of revelation. It has added grace to thousands of refined minds, and lifted the whole plane of intellectual enjoyment. Moreover, but for it, Tennyson would probably never have written his "Dream of Fair Women," or his "Palace of Art," nor Matthew Arnold his "Thyrsis" or his "Scholar Gipsy." It is interesting not only for the incomparable loveliness of the imagery and versification, but as an enunciation of the fruitful idea which up to this time Keats had

had most at heart. It is his clearest expression of pure and happy trust in Beauty—Beauty as comprehending all things that the soul need care for. The effect upon the soul of a thing of perfect beauty is not so much that of completeness as of boundlessness like eternity. Thought cannot go beyond it, and must rest in its presence contented and absorbed. What can it be therefore but Truth, or, as Keats thought, the only absolute Truth?

The spring of 1819 also gave us the "Ode to Psyche," upon which we are told by the poet himself that he bestowed more pains than upon anything else that he had written. It is certainly a beautiful poem, but it has neither the significance nor the altogether irresistible charm that we find in its two greater companions. We do not know the date of the fragmentary "Ode to Melancholy." It is hardly less perfect than the others, and this thought, with which it ends, wrought into a stanza of the richest and most artful beauty, embodies a truth familiar to every imaginative mind:

> Ay, in the very temple of Delight
> Veil'd Melancholy has her sovran shrine,
> Though seen of none save him whose strenuous tongue
> Can burst Joy's grape against his palate fine;
> His soul shall taste the sadness of her might,
> And be among her cloudy trophies hung.

It was apparently also about this time that Keats composed the ballad "La Belle Dame sans Merci," a work of weird intensity to which the writers of the school of Rossetti were perhaps partly indebted for the peculiar colouring of much of their poetry. It is not like anything else that he wrote, and reads as if it were a kind of allegory, symbolical of his own wild and thwarted passion. These stanzas were not published in the last volume, but have since found their merited place in the collected works.

V

Lamia was begun and completed during the late summer and early autumn months of 1819. *Lamia* is perhaps Keats' supreme triumph in metrical skill, and it is a surprising testimony to the thriving vitality of his gift. It seems scarcely credible that only two years should have elapsed between this poem and *Endymion*, the latter so profuse in the faults of haste and inexperience, the former so deliberately masterful both in design and execution. Keats is supposed to have followed the manner of Dryden in the versification of *Lamia;* and we know that he had been attentively studying Dryden at that time—but it seems to me that he had Marlowe's *Hero and Leander* also much in mind, for there is a frequent suggestion of that poem in the turn of the fancy and the weight of the phrase. There is too a staid reminiscence of Milton here and there, and an almost utter absence of the boyish and effusive luxuries of the poet's early manner. Over the whole poem there is cast a glamour which bears the imagination irresistibly into the crowded and gorgeous civilization of the later life of Greece. It is all of it splendidly realized, and many of its descriptive passages are unsurpassable for easy picturesque power and luxurious charm of language.

One of the most beautiful passages is that in which he gives expression to a lingering poetic prejudice of his youth—a thought which is scarcely a prejudice, however, if he meant to apply it only to the methods of mere uninspired and fact-accumulating science:

> Do not all charms fly
> At the mere touch of cold philosophy?
> There was an awful rainbow once in heaven:
> We know her woof, her texture; she is given
> In the dull catalogue of common things.
> Philosophy will clip an Angel's wings,
> Conquer all mysteries by rule and line,
> Empty the haunted air, and gnomed mine—
> Unweave a rainbow, as it erewhile made
> The tender-person'd Lamia melt into a shade.

Another fruit of Keats' sojourn at Winchester was the last of the Odes, the "Ode to Autumn," written after a stroll among the country lanes on a mellow late September day. Its origin is best described in the words of one of his own letters to Reynolds: "How beautiful the season is now—How fine the air. A temperate sharpness about it. Really, without joking, chaste weather—Dian skies—I never lik'd stubble-fields so much as now—Aye better than the chilly green of the Spring. Somehow, a stubble-plain looks warm—in the same way that some pictures look warm—This struck me so much in my Sunday's walk that I composed upon it." This "Ode to Autumn" has had a great part in creating that love for nature poetry, as we call it, that distinguishes the present generation. We have learned from Wordsworth a pure and solemn veneration for the grandeur and beauty of earth and sky; in Shelley this impulse glowed up into a sort of wild and transfiguring passion; but Keats is the representative of another phase which is perhaps nearer to the common heart than either, the genial love of the outward things of this earth—the mood of sensitive and luxurious delight.

* * *

John Keats died in his twenty-sixth year, a poet who in the three years of his literary life made an epoch in English literature; and not only wrote poems which are among the imperishable treasures of his country, but sowed the seeds afterwards ripened in the genius of a score of more worldly-fortunate writers. Under a grassy slope in the Protestant cemetery at Rome, near the pyramidal tomb of Caius Cestius, a place now visited yearly by thousands of people who have gained comfort and delight from his poetry, the bones of Keats still lie where they were laid seventy-one years ago by Joseph Severn. It is one of the most beautiful spots on the favoured earth, and under the radiant sky of Italy. Every spring the slope is closely carpeted with multitudes of flowers—such flowers as the dying poet said he could feel growing over his head—and the air of the place is filled with the perfume of innumerable violets.

1893

ALFRED NORTH WHITEHEAD

A. H. Johnson

THE twentieth century has produced few men whose achievements in the fields of mathematics and philosophy can surpass those of Alfred North Whitehead. His is not a mere technical excellence. It is a competence which, on occasion, is adorned by an unexcelled brilliance of vivid expression. Learning sits lightly on his firm shoulders. A sparkling, somewhat ironic, humour shines through his discourse. The profound humility of the truly wise dignifies his utterances. To persons in all walks of life he is a rare exemplification of cultured charm and dignity.

The first sixty-three years of Whitehead's life were spent in England. At Cambridge and later at the University of London he was famous as a mathematician and as a leader in the practical phases of education. Gradually a life-long interest in philosophy became his major concern. In 1924 he accepted the offer of a post in philosophy at Harvard University and gave distinguished service there, becoming Professor Emeritus in 1937. He is now residing in Cambridge, Massachusetts. This year marks the eighty-fifth anniversary of Whitehead's birth (February 15).

Whitehead's great and ever increasing influence flows through two channels: his numerous books and articles, and his direct personal association with colleagues and students in the university environment.

I

The list of Whitehead's books is an impressive one. The very titles indicate the wide range of mind: *Principia Mathematica* (in collaboration with Bertrand Russell); *The Concept of Nature; The Principle of Relativity; Science and the Modern World; Religion in the Making; The Aims of Education; Process and Reality; Adventures of Ideas; Modes of Thought.*

Whitehead's purpose as a mathematician is stated in the Preface of his first book in this field, *A Treatise on Universal Algebra.* "The ideal of mathematics should be to erect a calculus to facilitate reasoning in connection with every province of thought, or of external experience, in which the succession of thoughts, or of events can be definitely ascertained and precisely stated. So that all serious thought which is not philosophy, or inductive reasoning, or imaginative literature, shall be mathematics developed by means of a calculus." It is, of course, impossible to deal with the contents of *Principia Mathematica* in brief scope. However, it may be noted in passing that, in Whitehead's opinion, this book undermines the usual mathematical procedure of employing special indefinable mathematical concepts. It also attacks the traditional definition which states that mathematics is the science of magnitude. According to *Principia*, mathematics is the science concerned with the logical deduction of consequences from the general premises of all reasoning.

Turning from concentration on abstract logical structure, Whitehead next concerned himself with problems connected with speculative physics. Opposing the traditional notions of space, time, and matter, he contends that ultimate physical reality is composed of interrelated "events," revealed in sense-awareness. An automobile accident is an event, so also is the Great Pyramid. Space and time are not containers for events; rather, they are relations between events. The traditional doctrine of the distinct independence of each bit of matter should be replaced by an emphasis on the pervasive presence of everything everywhere. This theory is supported by reference to electromagnetic activity. There seems to be a modification of the electromagnetic field at every point of space at every instant, owing to the past history of each electron. A more obvious, everyday illustration is provided by the observation that the mountainous waves which roll up on the New England coast indicate that there has been a storm on the Atlantic. The books written during Whitehead's period of concentration on the problems of speculative physics involve many technicalities which are very difficult for the lay mind to grasp, for example, the examination of relativity. There is also a complicated discussion of the meaning of the geometrical entities such as points, straight lines, and volumes. This involves a thorough-going consideration of the ideas of extension in time and extension in space. There is, in addition, an analysis of the process by which knowledge is obtained. However, underlying these technicalities is a fundamental Whiteheadian purpose, "to exhibit the interconnections of nature, and to show that one set of ingredients in nature requires for the exhibition of its character the presence of other sets of ingredients."[1]

The material in Whitehead's recent books involves a dramatic widening of intellectual horizons. We find him discussing the nature of ultimate reality, religion, human personality, value, social organization, industry, education, art. The problems of mathematics and speculative physics are not completely shelved, nor are the "new" problems really new in Whitehead's thinking. He had been "mulling them over" for a life-time. He waited until the years of full maturity had been reached before giving detailed expression to his views on these important matters.

In the twenties and thirties of this century, many keen minds were indulging in cynicism and scepticism, or, suffering from loss of nerve, climbing on some authoritarian band wagon. At such a time, Whitehead set himself to "frame a coherent, logical, necessary system of general ideas in terms of which every element in our experience can be interpreted."[2] Thus he undertook the task of formulating a philosophy of life which would do justice to all the facts, aesthetic, moral, and religious, as well as to the data of the natural and social sciences.

It is Whitehead's contention that the key to the understanding of ultimate reality is a careful examination of the nature and experience of human beings. No special method is required apart from careful self-

[1] *The Concept of Nature* (Cambridge, 1920), 141.
[2] *Process and Reality* (Cambridge, 1929), 4.

observation. Applying this method he reports: "I find myself as essentially a unity of emotions, enjoyments, hopes, fears, regrets, valuations of alternatives, decisions—all of them subjective reactions to the environment as active in my nature. The individual enjoyment is what I am in my rôle of a natural activity, as I shape the activities of the environment into a new creation, which is myself at this moment, and yet, as being myself, it is a continuation of the antecedent world."[3] Thus Whitehead claims that an examination of human experience reveals that a person is a unity of experiences of environmental facts. This experience of the external environment is contributory to the being of the person in question. However, the developing person *selects* material from the available data, using only what he requires. This process of autonomous self-development is guided by an apprehension of certain ideal goals. It is Whitehead's contention that *all* the component entities of the universe have the characteristics found in the "mental" experience of a typical human self. In other words, the universe is composed of a very large number of "persons," each of which is building itself up by reacting to persons in its environment in accordance with ideal goals which it has apprehended. At first glance this theory may seem incredible but Whitehead offers considerable evidence in its support. For example, he argues that if you are serious in claiming that human experience is part of nature, then you must admit, as he does, that what you find in human experience must be found in nature. Whitehead emphasizes the point that the experiences of the "persons" constituting a stone are not like the experiences of a wide-awake human being; rather they are similar to those of a very drowsy human being or even of a human being when asleep. His really fundamental argument, based on specific illustrations is summarized thus: "The general principles of physics are exactly what we should expect as a specific exemplification of the metaphysics required by the philosophy of organism."[4] Thus, according to Whitehead, reality is composed of a large group of persons who enjoy various degrees of width and depth of experience. (Whitehead uses the technical term "actual entity" when referring to a person.) Each of these persons emerges as the result of creative interaction with (prehension of) other persons. This process is guided by apprehended ideals (eternal objects). It follows that human beings and so-called inanimate objects are inescapably subject to a process of creative change. Those who shut their eyes to the fact of change have lost their grip on reality. It is Whitehead's contention that both the creative process of continual change and the eternal ideals which are used to guide the change are data discoverable in human experience if one is able to free oneself from the blinding delusions of past conditioning.

An examination of human experience reveals the presence of an entity which Whitehead calls "God." He points to the fact that we experience ideals in interrelated patterns. They are not forced upon us, rather they are

[3] *Modes of Thought* (New York, 1938), 228.
[4] *Process and Reality*, 178; in general, Part IV.

simply "there," available for use. This seems to indicate the presence of an envisager and organizer—God. The term "God" is used because one's experience of this entity gives rise to a feeling of refreshment and companionship. This is what Whitehead has in mind when he refers to the Primordial Nature of God or to the Principle of Concretion. Whitehead suggests that God has other functions. We have the basic religious intuition that the universe is so constructed that elements of worth are not left to lose their importance gradually, discarded in the passage of events; rather, they must be preserved in vivid everlastingness. Whitehead contends that it is God's function to save what otherwise would be lost, save what is worth saving. This is God's Consequent Nature. Our awareness of God indicates that, like other actual entities, God is also exerting an influence on us. This is God's Superject Nature. The practical implications of this theory of God are worthy of note. God is not to be thought of in terms of overwhelming power. "God does not create the world, he saves it—he is the poet of the world, with tender patience leading it by his vision of truth, beauty and goodness."[5] There are other comments concerning religion which have been widely quoted, for example: "Religion is what the individual does with his own solitariness";[6] "Religions commit suicide when they find their inspirations in their dogmas";[7] "Religion is tending to degenerate into a decent formula wherewith to embellish a comfortable life.[8] The above reference to a vision of truth, beauty, and goodness focuses attention on Whitehead's claim that among the ideals available for the guidance of a person's experience is the familiar trinity of value ideals. It may seem to be stubborn naïveté on Whitehead's part to insist that there are eternal value ideals, in view of the modern emphasis on relativity in value judgments. It should be noted that he is quite prepared to admit that the *details* of moral codes (for example) are relative to the social circumstances of the immediate environment. "Conduct which in one environment and at one stage produces its measure of harmonious satisfaction, in other surroundings at another stage is destructively degrading."[9] However, underlying his extensive discussion of the varying factors which make for truth, beauty, and goodness is the basic conviction that truth, beauty, and goodness are present, as actual, when persons (actual entities) manifest these ideals in their experience. Whether these ideals are manifest in actual experience or not they remain as eternal constituents of the universe. Their status and meaning does not depend on "interest" or any other human activity.

Whitehead's observations concerning the efficacious factors in world history are decidedly relevant. He offers no simple philosophy of history. It is his contention that many influences are at work. There are, for ex-

[5] *Ibid.*, 525-6.
[6] *Religion in the Making* (New York, 1926), 16.
[7] *Ibid.*, 144.
[8] *Science and the Modern World* (New York, 1929), 269-70.
[9] *Adventures of Ideas* (Cambridge, 1933), 374-5.

ample, ideas. In the first part of *Adventures of Ideas* he traces, with magnificent craftsmanship, the subtle but persistent influence of the "idea of the intellectual and moral grandeur of the human soul." He shows, in detail, how it functioned from early Greek times down to the nineteenth century as "a hidden driving force, haunting humanity, and ever appearing in specialized guise as compulsory on action by reason of its appeal to the uneasy conscience of the age."[10] Ideas work slowly. Almost two thousand years elapsed between the final formulation of the humanitarian ideal in early Christian thought and the abolishment of slavery and the partial establishment of social and industrial democracy. Of course, ideas are helpless without men to think and use them. It is Whitehead's opinion that a few great men can exert a decisive influence in human affairs, not only men of "iron and steel" but also men who "wield the pen." Whitehead's opinion concerning the relative importance of these two types of great men is vigorously expressed in the concluding paragraph of *Science and the Modern World:* "The great conquerors, from Alexander to Caesar, and from Caesar to Napoleon, influenced profoundly the lives of subsequent generations. But the total effect of this influence shrinks to insignificance, if compared to the entire transformation of human habits and human mentality produced by the long line of men of thought from Thales to the present day, men individually powerless, but ultimately the rulers of the world."

Whitehead refers, with due care, to the "non-rational forces." He points out that rainfall and trees, coal and steam, electricity and oil, brute barbarians, all exert an influence. No honest philosophy of history can overlook any of these. He is keenly aware of the impact of economic forces on human life. It is recorded that under our present system of mass production human initiative is stunted, aesthetic appreciation is dulled, and pressures are built up which destroy some personalities. With scathing vigour Whitehead notes what happened in the nineteenth century when leaders of society chiefly concerned themselves with material things and capital. "Ultimate values were excluded. They were politely bowed to, and then handed over to the clergy to be kept for Sundays."[11]

As will be evident from the foregoing comments, Whitehead is profoundly convinced of the importance of the human individual. He states: "The worth of any social system depends on the value experience it promotes among individual human beings. . . . If the man be wholly subordinated to the common life, he is dwarfed."[12] This does not mean that he advocates the complete absence of social compulsion. Rather he proposes a mixture of freedom and compulsion roughly similar to the life of citizens in Athens under Pericles (as described by Thucydides). This emphasis on the importance of the individual human being follows from Whitehead's basic contention that "value is inherent in actuality itself."[13] Further, as

[10] *Ibid.*, 19.
[11] *Science and the Modern World*, 291-2.
[12] "An Appeal to Sanity" (*Atlantic Monthly*, CLXIII, 1939, 315).
[13] *Religion in the Making*, 100.

has been noted, Whitehead's analysis of human experience reveals the fact that any person is important in the sense that he makes a novel use of the available data and then contributes to the experience of other persons. The claim that every person makes a significant difference in the universe, and that life is essentially a co-operative activity, may sound like an unduly optimistic judgment concerning some persons. However, war-time exigencies have revealed creative power not only in the few but also in the many. Further, the fraternal co-operation stressed by this analysis has been manifest to a very considerable degree in both the armed services and industry. Whitehead's discussion of the proper approach to men of different backgrounds constitutes one of the finest advocacies of tolerance available in our literature.

> The differences between the nations and races of mankind are required to preserve the conditions under which higher development is possible. . . . A diversification among human communities is essential for the provision of the incentive and material for the Odyssey of the human spirit. Other nations of different habits are not enemies: they are godsends. Men require of their neighbours something sufficiently akin to be understood, something sufficiently different to provoke attention, and something great enough to command admiration. We must not expect, however, all the virtues. We should even be satisfied if there is something odd enough to be interesting.[14]

An examination of Whitehead's extensive comments concerning education reveals some of his most fundamental and brilliantly expressed ideas about men and their possible future. The Preface to *The Aims of Education* contains the characteristic statement: "Students are alive, and the purpose of education is to stimulate and guide their self-development." He argues, in words reminiscent of Dewey, that ideas which are not useful are positively harmful. "Education is the acquisition of the art of the utilization of knowledge."[15] The age-old conflict between devotees of technical and of liberal education is approached from the point of view of co-operation rather than conflict. "The antithesis between a technical and a liberal education is fallacious. There can be no adequate technical education which is not liberal, and no liberal education which is not technical: that is, no education which does not impart both technique and intellectual vision. In simpler language, education should turn out the pupil with something he knows well and something he can do well. This intimate union of practice and theory aids both. The intellect does not work best in a vacuum."[16] Whitehead's comments concerning undue emphasis on classical culture are similar in tone to those of other judicious critics. For example, he points out that "the particular example of an ancient society sets too static an ideal, and neglects the whole range of opportunity. It is really not sufficient to direct attention to the best that has been said and done in the ancient world. The result is static, repressive and promotes a decadent habit of mind. Also I suggest that the Greeks themselves were not backward looking or static. . . . The most un-Greek thing that we

[14] *Science and the Modern World*, 297-8.
[15] *The Aims of Education* (London, 1929), 6.
[16] *Ibid.*, 74.

can do is to copy the Greeks. For emphatically they were not copyists."[17] Somewhat surprising in view of his early professional activity, yet one of his main points of emphasis, is the contention that excessive stress on science is disastrous. As usual his own words express his point of view far more effectively than an attempt at second-hand restatement:

> Consider, for example, the scientific notion of measurement. Can we elucidate the turmoil of Europe by weighing its dictators, its prime ministers, and its editors of newspapers? The idea is absurd, although some relevant information might be obtained. I am not upholding the irrelevance of science. Such a doctrine would be foolish. For example, a daily record of the bodily temperatures of the men, above mentioned, might be useful. My point is the incompleteness of the information.[18]

A constant feature of Whitehead's discussion of education is his ardent advocacy of the stimulative and disciplinary value of aesthetic experience. For example, he states:

> Great art is the arrangement of the environment so as to provide for the soul vivid, but transient, values. Human beings require something which absorbs them for a time, something out of the routine which they can stare at. But you cannot subdivide life, except in the abstract analysis of thought. Accordingly, the great art is more than a transient refreshment. It is something which adds to the permanent richness of the soul's self-attainment. It justifies itself both by its immediate enjoyment and also by its discipline of the inmost being.[19]

One of Whitehead's greatest services to his fellow-men is his magnificently effective exposition of the meaning and implication of ideas and theories. To mention only a few samples: *Science and the Modern World* contains excellent chapters on "The Origins of Modern Science," "The Romantic Reaction" (against the mechanistic world-view), "Religion and Science"; in *Adventures of Ideas* there is the brilliant sketch of the rise of the "humanitarian ideal"; *Religion in the Making* has an outstanding chapter on "Religion and Dogma"; the "Nature and Life" section of *Modes of Thought* is very important; and in *The Aims of Education* the title-chapter and the one on "The Function of a University" repay careful attention.

It is interesting to note that this man who has written numerous books and articles and spent his entire life in school, as student or teacher, is very suspicious of the efficacy of words. After all, he points out, spoken language is just a series of squeaks. We give names to familiar and obvious things and then overlook the unfamiliar ones because we have no names for them. Whitehead is continually stressing the importance of looking beyond the obvious, that is to say, what is revealed in clear-cut sensory experience. "Human nature loses its most precious quality when it is robbed of its sense of things beyond, unexplored and yet insistent."[20] Again and again Whitehead stresses the danger involved in extreme reliance on words. Is is not true that there are many things we know which we cannot verbalize? Why then try to restrict knowledge only to that which can be verbalized? Worse still, there is a tendency in the modern world to replace an interest

[17] *Adventures of Ideas*, 353.
[18] *Modes of Thought*, 25-6.
[19] *Science and the Modern World*, 290-1.
[20] "Harvard: The Future" (*Atlantic Monthly*, CLVIII, 1936, 265).

in facts by an interest in words. Whitehead notes with ironic humour that, in the Garden of Eden, Adam saw the animals before he named them: in the traditional educational system children name the animals before they see them. "The second-handedness of the learned world is the secret of its mediocrity. It is tame because it has never been scared by facts."[21] Yet in the search for facts he warns that "we must not expect simple answers to far-reaching questions."[22]

There are few finer brief statements of the function of a university than the following: "The university imparts information, but it imparts it imaginatively. . . . This atmosphere of excitement arising from imaginative consideration, transforms knowledge. A fact is no longer a bare fact: it is invested with all its possibilities. It is no longer a burden on the memory: it is energizing as the poet of our dreams, and as the architect of our purposes."[23]

It is Whitehead's conviction that it is possible for men to live together at peace in a civilized society. His statement of the basis of a civilized society is worthy of careful consideration at this time:

> The vigor of civilized societies is preserved by the widespread sense that high aims are worth while. Vigorous societies harbour a certain extravagance of objectives, so that men wander beyond the safe provision of personal gratifications. All strong interests easily become impersonal, the love of a job well done. There is a sense of harmony about such an accomplishment, the Peace bought by something worth while. Such personal gratification arises from aim beyond personality.[24]

II

No man is fully revealed through the medium of his books and articles. This is particularly true of Alfred North Whitehead. He once remarked in the course of a lecture: "Getting me from my books is not so much dangerous as unlikely."[25]

The Harvard undergraduates of 1936-37 who attended his lectures in large numbers were charmed by the benign presence of an English gentleman who strolled about on his platform, hands in pockets, edifying and amusing with a minimum of academic obscurity. Here was a professor, only a few months from the status of emeritus, belying his years and his dignity by a youthfulness of spirit and an occasional unconventionality of presentation which were unmistakably in the sprightly tradition of William James. His voice was musical and characterized by a pleasant English accent. He spoke slowly and on occasion with hesitation. There were certain transitional phrases which he used to preface important remarks, for example, the frequently heard "as a matter of fact" or the somewhat more climactic "God bless my soul!" Harvard sophomores, confronted

[21] *The Aims of Education*, 79.
[22] *Process and Reality*, 519.
[23] *The Aims of Education*, 139.
[24] *Adventures of Ideas*, 371.
[25] This statement and subsequent statements attributed to Whitehead are exact or almost exact reports, recorded at the time of utterance.

by a world-famous professor with a shining bald head, noted that the few tufts of white hair which peeked out from behind his ears made him look like an angel whose halo had slipped a little. These students were amazed and delighted to apprehend not merely sound information concerning Cosmology and the Function of Reason but also exuberant flashes of wit. Whiteheadian wit is frequently of a specialized sort, subtle and ironic. However, on occasion even the most sluggish embodiment of "brawn and little brain" appreciated the fact that something humorous had been said. Among the initial comments made in his introductory lecture was: "When you read past philosophic authors one of the first things which leaps to your eye is the amount of nonsense they are writing." "Learned works are not free from silly notions" he remarked. In poking fun at pseudo-academic profundity Whitehead suggested that "the learned tradition is not concerned with the truth, but with the learned adjustment of learned statements of antecedent learned people." Referring to sceptical cynics he characterized them as "escaping from obligation by means of epigram." Verging on the trite, but not completely abandoning a hint of wit, he pontificated that "there is no plain way of being plain"; "a man who never makes a mistake never makes anything"; "the Law is the sepulchre of the Prophets"; and that "common sense is genius in homespun." Whitehead's somewhat unconventional exuberance (for a Harvard professor) was illustrated in the course of an exposition of the philosophy of Descartes. He pointed out that according to this thinker there are two types of reality (apart from God), high-grade mentality at one end of the scale and dead matter at the other end. Having made this point he exploded, "Good God what a gap!" and then went on to show that an examination of the actual world of facts reveals that the gap really does not exist.

Whitehead possesses the fine art of being able to clarify the meaning of a fundamental idea by the use of a humorous story. His theory of actual entities involves the contention that any present entity, in its process of development, receives influence from the past and strives to achieve a future goal. To illustrate this important point he told a story about a heated discussion in the British House of Lords. The vote seemed likely to be close. Both conflicting parties were rounding up all available supporters. One group recalled that a member of the House had not been in attendance recently because of mental illness; however, he might be persuaded to come and vote in the proper fashion. So, on the day of decision, a strange spectacle was presented. The "Mad Peer" entered the House, pushed from behind by his colleagues and moving slowly forward in pursuit of a carrot held before his nose by another colleague. "My Lord" was suffering from the delusion that he was an ass, and was behaving accordingly. His activities of the moment were influenced by pressure from behind and the lure of something "on before,"—"just like an actual entity" said Whitehead with a chuckle. There was also a story illustrating the point that the Romans at the time of the Punic Wars did not take their traditional religion very seriously, though they did accord it "lip-service."

A Roman admiral had "cornered" a Carthaginian fleet in a "bottle-neck" bay. A great victory was apparently inevitable. However, as a matter of form, it was advisable to see if the gods were in favour of the action. So the admiral summoned the priest of the flagship and asked him to investigate the matter. In due time the priest returned and sadly advised against the engagement—the sacred chickens would not eat, therefore the gods were not in favour of the proposed battle. Ah, said the admiral, perhaps the sacred chickens will partake of nourishment in liquid form. He threw them overboard, they drank copiously. Thus divine sanction was indicated, after all! The Roman fleet proceeded to win a resounding victory having observed the religious proprieties.

Those who have read Whitehead's later books will realize that his brilliant powers of turning a glowing phrase are not always devoted to the cause of humour, however edifying. With solemn seriousness he made utterances such as these: "Every generation must carry the cross up the hill and there suffer for the next generation." In discussing the woeful misuses of human reasoning power he said: "Reason, on occasion, is like arrows in the hand of a child. No animal gives its child to Moloch; yet reason whispers, 'It is necessary.'" "Man is a queer combination of delicacy of spirit and a brutality which would disgrace a rat."

Whitehead was known to undergraduates as a humorous, skilful teacher, a man who sometimes came early to class or lingered at the close of a lecture in case individual students wished private consultation—or an autograph. However, those fortunate graduate students who were privileged to have private chats one hour a week in Whitehead's study found him at his charming best. Here one learned not only something about the philosophy of Alfred North Whitehead, but, even more important, in this environment it was possible to develop attitudes toward philosophy and the world which are valuable beyond description. Here one came to full appreciation of that erudite, dignified sanity of approach to all problems which is the characteristic and basis of Whitehead's greatness. Sitting there in his sunlit, high-ceilinged, book-lined study, with broad windows looking down from a high apartment building on the quiet Charles—sitting there in his big easy chair with adjustable writing-table before him, books ready at hand, to say nothing of numerous letters[26]—Whitehead very quickly put a student at ease and then inquired about his project. In reply to a question he would comment at length—brilliant discourse—pointing out interrelations of ideas relevant to the theme under consideration. To a student writing a thesis on Whitehead's philosophy he was most kind and co-operative. With delightful humility and candour he would admit inadequacies in

[26]There are those who claim that a considerate wife spares Whitehead the toil of reading many of the letters which are directed to him by inquiring minds of various calibres. To put it bluntly, they do not reach him. It was the experience of at least one graduate student that Whitehead's letters do reach him. They were very obviously there, piled up about him in his study. On one occasion he waved toward them with an apologetic smile and said: "Always answer your letters and keep your desk tidy. I don't answer mine because it interferes with my concentration on more pressing matters."

expression and incompleteness in treatment, even in his most recent books. With the tolerance of the truly great he would listen charitably to criticism and accept it if it seemed valid. In order to expedite discussion he suggested that the student prepare a list of topics for consideration, or state interpretations of Whitehead's technical expositions. Whitehead agreed to say "yes," "no," or "try again" when confronted by these interpretations. Thus a student was enabled to check on a number of difficult points in a brief space of time, thanks to the kind co-operation of a man who feels that it is the function of education to stimulate the self-development of the student. Even the drudgery of reading theses was not spurned by Whitehead. He took time to comment in the margin of manuscripts and initialled his comments. And always, even in the midst of the most serious discussions, came the characteristic flash of humour. A consideration of Whitehead's theory of God is no simple matter. In order to cast some light on the question as to why he regards God, not after the fashion of an oriental despot but rather as a persuasive and saving factor, he told a story concerning a friend of Newman's. This gentleman said: "Before God we must be abject—abject." To which an old Oxford don replied: "Tut, tut—no, no —not abject—respectful, respectful—tut, tut, no, no—not abject."

Despite rather frail health, Whitehead, on occasion, opened his home to his graduate students. The kindness and hospitality of Mrs. Whitehead and Dr. Whitehead on these memorable evenings will never be forgotten by those privileged to attend.

Some men leave no mark on the lives of those with whom they come in contact. Other men, men like Whitehead, live in the memories of their fellows with influence undiminished. Their faces and voices appear continually on the shining page of recollection. Their "spiritual" children are legion, and they are devoted children. Alfred North Whitehead, sitting quietly in the shadow of Harvard with his books and his friends about him, illustrates, supremely, the profound principle that some great men exert an influence by the lure of the excellence of their achievement. Here indeed is a teacher who is continually "alive with living thoughts."

DISPROPORTION: A STUDY IN THE WORK OF JOHN WILMOT, EARL OF ROCHESTER

FREDELLE BRUSER

"GIVE me to Day, and take thou to Morrow," writes the biographer David Lloyd, "is both the Courtier and the Christian's Language."[1] And so in a sense John Wilmot never changed his tune. The need for present, sensuous apprehension shapes the lyrics into cynical admonition—

> Phillis, be gentler, I advise;
> Make up for time mis-spent,
> When Beauty on its Death-bed lies,
> 'Tis high time to repent.[2]

—and emerges, strangely altered, in the troubled accents of the penitent: "Bid them make haste, for y^e^ night cometh, when no man can work."[3] The change is important, but it is a change in direction rather than in the texture of emotion. Rochester was all his life, as Hugo shrewdly perceived, "tantôt Ezéchiel et tantôt Scaramouche,"[4] and the elements of prophet and jester were not mutually exclusive. Early cynicism—the self-conscious flouting of emotion by reason—is as much a testimony of Rochester's intellectual and spiritual torments as his dramatic conversion. The knowledge which comes, at the end, in conventional religious terminology —"sin is like the Angeles Book in the Revelations; it is sweet in the mouth and bitter in the belly"[5]—runs like spilt acid across the worldliness of the courtier. "The Time that is to come is not," he banters;

> How can it then be mine?
> The present Moment's all my Lot. . . [6]

and behind the trivial tinkling of the words, one hears the bitter song of all his life.

Rochester, his spiritual confessor, Burnet, was to observe, flashed like a comet across the stormy Restoration world. Inevitably, he left behind him a blazing trail of anecdote and accusation. Pepys records the development of the young Wilmot's infatuation with Elizabeth Malet—a daring abduction followed by the King's disfavour, imprisonment in the Tower, and eventually a triumphant marriage. Grammont's chronicle of court life is peppered with accounts of the Earl's amorous intrigue; Saint Evremond and even the discreet Bishop Burnet add to the legend. Many of Rochester's escapades are witty and comparatively harmless pranks: disguised as a tinker, he knocked out the bottoms of pots and pans given him for mending; tricked out as a country wench, he made his way into the home of a notorious miser to seduce the latter's young wife; again, he set

[1] *State-Worthies* (1670), 6.
[2] *Collected Works*, ed. by John Hayward (London, 1926), 15.
[3] *Ibid.*, Letter XCIV, 299.
[4] Victor Hugo, *Cromwell* (1855), 254.
[5] *Works*, Letter XCIV, 299.
[6] *Ibid.*, 17.

himself up as the magician Bendo and charmed his way into the confidence of court ladies. There are other stories frankly unsavoury: the baiting of a constable in the course of which one of Rochester's party was fatally wounded; and an assault on Dryden, as cowardly as it was brutal. From beginning to end it is a career intensely dramatic, and the death-bed conversion is the last striking scene in a rake's progress.

Aubrey records the occasion of Rochester's smashing the valuable astronomical dials at Whitehall. Catching sight of them as he was returning from a drinking-bout with his companions, Rochester burst into furious and drunken profanity: "Doest thou stand here to . . . time?"[7] It is profoundly characteristic of the man: of his frenzied attempts to make of Cupid, Bacchus, and the glorified ego an all-sufficing Trinity,[8] and his realization at the moment of paying tribute that it is no use. The story, like most in the Rochester legend, is not very funny. "It is a miraculous thing," Wilmot observed wryly in a letter to Savile, "when a Man, half in the Grave, cannot leave off playing the Fool, and the Buffoon";[9] it is no less miraculous that a man who played the buffoon so triumphantly should have been so steadily aware of the grave.

Because of this complexity, Rochester appeared to less complex contemporaries in various lights. Etherege took him as a pattern for the elegant worldliness of the gallant, skimming over the surface of life, without concern for possible depths.[10] Wolseley saw—admittedly in the softening light of elegy—only "the vast Reach and Compass of his Invention, and the wonderful depths of his retir'd thoughts."[11] Both visions are incomplete, but each is, within its limits, real. It is the peculiar fascination of Rochester's character that the prince of all the devils in the town should have known a hell that was not rapes and riots,[12] but the anguish of the marrow. And if Rochester rises above the normative level of Restoration verse, it is because of the tense interplay, evident in everything he wrote, of the man of mode and the man of mind. Rymer lays a heavy but appraising hand on the characteristic operation of Rochester's poetic faculty: "Were the Subject light, you find him a Philosopher, grave and profound, to Wonder. Were the Subject dumpish and heavy, then would his Mercury dissolve all into Gaiety and Diversion."[13]

[7]John Aubrey, *Brief Lives*, ed. by Andrew Clark (Oxford, 1898), II, 34.

[8]"Cupid and Bacchus my Saints are . . ." (*Works*, 21).

[9]*Ibid.*, 256-7.

[10]Dennis testifies to universal agreement that Dorimant (*The Man of Mode*) "had in him several of the Qualities of Wilmot Earl of Rochester, as, his Wit, his Spirit, his amorous Temper, the Charms that he had for the fair Sex, his Falshood, and his Inconstancy. . . ." *A Defence of Sir Fopling Flutter* (1722), 19.

[11]Robert Wolseley, "The Preface to *Valentinian*," *Critical Essays of the Seventeenth Century*, ed. by J. E. Spingarn (Oxford, 1909), III, 3.

[12]This is Lady Woodvil's judgment on Dorimant: "The Prince of all the Devils in the Town, delights in nothing but in Rapes and Riots." Sir George Etherege, *The Man of Mode*, in *Works*, ed. by H. F. B. Brett-Smith (Oxford, 1927), II, 237.

[13]Thomas Rymer, The Preface to the Reader, *Works of John Earl of Rochester* (1714), A.

A genius so mercurial does not lend itself easily to formulae. But if there is any single formulation which goes far towards explaining "the wildest, and most fantastical odd Man"[14] of the Restoration, it is that which he has himself provided. Writing to his wife, Rochester reflects unhappily on the fact that there is "soe greate a disproportion t'wixt our desires and what is ordained to content them."[15] Stating the matter in its simplest terms, one might say that perception of this discrepancy, when comic, expresses itself in the satires; when serious or pathetic, in the lyrics. But clearly, the knowledge that few wagons have star-length strings is not peculiar to Rochester; it is the property of every artist who has transcended the commonplace by a vision greater than the sphere of possible attainment. What distinguishes Rochester is a much subtler thing: the realization that the vision depends for its existence on the gap which separates it from the touch of life and reality. Desire, however frustrating, is paradoxically a greater solace than possession. "Your Favours are to me," he tells Mrs. Barry, "the greatest Bliss this World, or Womankind, which I think Heaven can bestow, (*but the hopes of it*)."[16] It is a melancholy admission. Rochester was no mystic, but he returns again and again to the idea which receives consummate expression in Blake's gnomic verses:

> He who bends to himself a Joy
> Doth the wingèd life destroy;
> But he who kisses the Joy as it flies
> Lives in Eternity's sunrise.[17]

Precisely because he did not have the mystical temperament, Rochester was not content to live in the sunrise of eternity. He could not help pursuing the various joys of wine, women, and wisdom; he could not help reminding himself, constantly and with a furious masochism, that the end proposed was self-destructive. It is only distance which lends enchantment to the view of woman:

> Perhaps in Rowing you may take a Pride;
> The Pleasure flyes, when to the Oar you're tyed.[18]

The philosopher's quest is as much a cheat as the lover's; men pursue "What being known, creates their certain woe" and "Wonder, by clear Knowledge, is destroy'd."[19]

[14]*Works*, Letter xx, 267. [15]*Ibid.*, Letter lxx, 288.

[16]*Ibid.*, Letter xxi, 267. The italics are mine.

[17]William Blake, *Poetry and Prose*, ed. by Geoffrey Keynes (1929), 99. The same emotion is at the core of the Petrarchan and courtly love conventions, the Tristan and Isolde myth (see Denis de Rougemont, *Love in the Western World*, trans. by M. Belgion (New York, 1940), 3-49), and many of Yeats's lyrics:

> Such bodies lovers have,
> Such exacting breath,
> That they touch or sigh
> Every touch they give,
> Love is nearer death.
>
> —*Collected Poems* (1937), 301.

The application extends, of course, beyond the erotic.

[18]*Works*, 134. [19]*Ibid.*, 29.

The idea of the possession which is in fact deprivation emerges with startling clarity in Rochester's adaptation of Fletcher's *Valentinian*. In part, the transformation of the original reflects Restoration sensibilities in general; but much of it is pure Rochester. Particularly interesting for its psychological implications is the image which Rochester develops independent of his model:

> I'le plunge into a Sea of my Desires,
> And quench my Fever, tho' I drown my Fame,
> And *tear up Pleasure by the Roots. . . .*[20]

Incidental reflections underline this basic irony, but the most curious evidence of all is Rochester's treatment of the Emperor's designs on Lucina. In Fletcher, this is a simple matter: Valentinian orders his servants to corrupt the lady's virtuous resolutions, and is enraged at their failure. Up to this point, Rochester follows the original play, with Valentinian threatening the lives of his unsuccessful agents:

> How dare you be alive and I unsatisfied. . . .

Suddenly, there is a strange distortion. Rochester's lustful monarch, it appears, has, even while pursuing Lucina, been concerned that she should resist his advances. He wishes to possess her; but, paradoxically, his desire is conditional upon her chastity. It is her virtue "that adds Fury to [his] Flames," and had the procurers succeeded in their enterprise, the glory of it would have evaporated:

> But had your poysonous Flatteries prevail'd
> Upon her Chastity I so admire . . .
> Dogs had devour'd e're this your Carcasses.[22]

Valentinian's deepest desire is, by its very nature, impossible; the monster of lust wishes "to possess her chaste and uncorrupted."

Valentinian shows the working of what seems to me the central pattern of Rochester's thought; the poems on impotence constitute a ruthless examination of that pattern. It is true, of course, that they point mockingly at love as "a mirage of distract and disappoint."[23] But I think it is a mistake to limit their significance to a sexual context. It is a commonplace of Freudian psychology that frustrated sexual desire emerges in an intellectualized form. In Rochester this process is reversed, and the frustrated intellectual embodies his sense of ineffectiveness in phallic symbol. The theme of his "imperfect enjoyments" is always the same:

> Unhappy Mortals! whose sublimest joy
> Preys on itself, and does itself destroy.[24]

These are not pornographic commentaries on the limits of lust. Rather, they are bitter admissions that the "sublimer" the desire, the more impossible is its fulfilment. The most devastating of the impotence poems

[20] *Ibid.*, 206. [21] *Ibid.*, 180. [22] *Ibid.*, 181.
[23] Francis Whitfield, *Beast in View* (Cambridge, Mass., 1936), 25.
[24] *Works*, 73.

underlines precisely this fact, that lust may be satisfied, love never.[25] Human capacity is "So true to lewdness, so untrue to Love," and "Love turns impotent, when strain'd too high."[26]

In discussing the significance of these poems for Rochester's thinking, it is important to remember that they are—on the most obvious level—amusing trifles, precisely the sort of sophisticated erotica which would appeal to a courtly audience. In "The Disappointment,"[27] for example, the sudden juxtaposition of limiting reality and the unlimited sensuous transports of Arcadia is profoundly witty. But the real significance of the poem is its conformity to the pattern of aspiration frustrated by its own driving force and falling back, broken, with the climax unachieved. Rochester underlines the delicate irony of Lysander's situation:

> Excess of love, his love betray'd . . . .

Characteristically, too, Lysander is furious at

> . . . his Birth, his Fate, his Stars,
> *But more the Shepherdesses Charms;*[28]

the backwash of frustrated energy sweeps over the object of desire. In much the same way, Rochester's satirizing of woman and of reason is the anger of impotence; there is "soe greate a disproportion t'wixt our desires and what is ordained to content them."

This statement, and Rochester's most celebrated pronunciation on the place of reason in life, are in fact reverse and obverse of the same thing. "Thoughts were giv'n for Actions Government," he insists in the *Satyr against Mankind:*

> Where Action ceases, Thought's impertinent.
> Our Sphere of Action is Life's happiness,
> And he that thinks beyond, thinks like an Ass.[29]

Here, for once, is patent unrealism. Rochester could not help thinking beyond and, in doing so, recognizing the final incompatibility of thought and action, desire and fulfilment. The one always outruns the other, as, even in stating the principle, he recognized his own inability to realize it. His body asked for food; his mind, lost in supersensuous intricacies, answered "What's a Clock?" The demand for practical reason is Baconian and Hobbist. It is also an individual impulse to abandon "searching Wisdom, fatal to [man's] ease" for a narrower vision, blind to ironic "disproportions":

> The perfect Joy of being well deceiv'd.[30]

Rochester's love lyrics—the term does less than justice to their hard, metallic cynicism—reveal the attempt to make the spheres of thought and action coincide, to conquer love by reducing it to lust. Like Donne, he was

> . . . such another
> Who found no substitute for sense;
> To seize and clutch and penetrate. . . .

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[25] *Ibid.*, 71-3. [26] *Ibid.*, 117. [27] *Ibid.*, 67-71.
[28] *Ibid.*, 71. The italics are mine.
[29] *Ibid.*, 38. [30] *Ibid.*, 29.

And like Donne, too, he knew that

> No contact possible to flesh
> Allayed the fever of the bone.[31]

The metaphysic of a "perfect Hobbist"[32] allowed no place for love except in terms of attraction and repulsion. If Rochester was too rational to deny Hobbes's view of human nature, he was too sensitive to accept it; the result is a terrible, self-lacerating insistence that love is matter, motion, and no more. Woman is "The silliest Part of God's Creation," the sexual act simple drudgery "To get Supplies for Age and Graves."[33]

There are, of course, the rare and lovely lyrics in which Rochester permitted himself the perfect joy of being well deceived. Perhaps the most notable quality of the genuine love poems, however, is in the overtones of pain and deception. If he submits, it is with a bad grace. "Give me leave to rail at you," he cries at the moment of conceding his lady's charms. Even her kindness hardly mitigates the self-betrayal of love:

> It gilds the Lover's servile Chain,
> And makes the Slaves grow pleas'd again.[34]

Artemesia exalts love as "the most gen'rous Passion of the Mind,"

> That Cordial-drop Heav'n in our Cup has thrown,
> To make the nauseous Draught of Life go down.[35]

The metaphor recalls—and the fact is not without significance—Hobbes's comparison of religious mysteries to "wholesome pills for the sick." "Swallowed whole, [they] have the virtue to cure; but chewed, are for the most part cast up again without effect."[36] [Love for Rochester has much the same kind of reality; it retains its virtue only so long as it is not chewed, not too much pondered upon.] Characteristically, the emotion which inspired "An Age in her Embraces past . . ." is proved by pain:

> Kind jealous Doubts, tormenting Fears,
> And anxious Cares. . . .[37]

"Absent from thee I lanquish still" has again a negative ground-note; emphasis falls ultimately not on "Love and Peace and Truth" but on the restlessness of the "fantastick Mind."[38] "Everlasting rest" was not for him: like the princess in Hans Christian Andersen's fairy-tale, Rochester felt the pea through all the feather mattresses, and he could not sleep. In the full tide of passion he was always capable of withdrawing, of seeing Woman in women. "I love you above all things in the World," he writes

[31] T. S. Eliot, *Collected Poems, 1909-1935* (London, 1943), 61.
[32] Anthony à Wood, *Athenae Oxonienses*, ed. by Philip Bliss (1817), III, col. 1229.
[33] *Works*, 18-19.
[34] *Ibid.*, 23.
[35] *Ibid.*, 27.
[36] Thomas Hobbes, *Leviathan*, in *English Works*, ed. by Sir W. Molesworth (London, 1839), III, 360.
[37] *Works*, 12.
[38] *Ibid.*, 13.

to Mrs. Barry, "but, I thank God, I can distinguish, I can see very Woman in you."[39] "Very Woman" is the mistress of his lyrics, and she is

> A thing so mean, so senseless, and so common;
> That Nature blusht when first she made the Sex,
> As good for nothing but the World to vex.[40]

If the songs merely elaborated this theme, however, it might be possible to dismiss them, with Johnson, as being "commonly smooth and easy," but with "little nature, and little sentiment."[41] Strangely enough, one of Rochester's modern biographers makes precisely these qualities the basis of a more sympathetic appreciation. The lyrics are redeemed, according to Prinz, by the fact that "although limited to the precincts of conventional courtship," they are "always distinguished by some unsophisticated naturalness, by a certain gentle simplicity. . . ."[42] Nothing could be farther from the truth. Where the matter of "conventional courtship" enters into Rochester's songs, it is as the basis of elaborate irony. And while he is at some pains to evoke the traditional responses of Petrarchan and pastoral, heroic and courtly verse, he does so for the fierce joy of disintegration. The relation of form to content in the lyrics is not consonance but tension.

For example, there are what Prinz calls "those gallant pastorals in which Rochester pays amorous homage to graceful imaginary shepherdesses."[43] Presumably, the critic is averting his eyes from Chloris and the pig-sty, but even the more graceful of the pastorals have a pig-sty clearly in view. Most sophisticated of all is "A Dialogue between Strephon and Daphne." Here, the initial irony is in the framework itself. The pastoral originates in desire for return to a primitive innocence and simplicity; it belongs to the Golden Age, to the unfallen world. As a literary form, it is used by the Elizabethans to present an obvious contrast between nature and degenerate civilization. Even in the more precious, exotic pastorals of Marlowe, Lodge, and Greene, the ideal remains one of fixed and timeless brightness. Donne, answering Marlowe's light-hearted invitation, cuts a deep channel of cynicism through the green pastures.[44] But the cynicism of Rochester is, for all its superior lightness, more complete. Dispassionately, he presents the spectacle of treachery and petty spite operating among shepherds as among courtiers. There is no difference after all between Elysium and Whitehall, no escape from sterility. It is obvious that Strephon and Daphne are Restoration gallant and mistress; it is less obvious that the peculiar edge of the poem derives from the tension between form and content, ideal and reality.

The slighter pastorals are similarly marked by a realistic undercutting of convention. The notorious pig-sty episode is an obvious case.[45] All the

[39] *Ibid.*, Letter LIV, 279-80. [40] *Ibid.*, 67.
[41] Samuel Johnson, *Lives of the Poets*, in *Works*, ed. by A. Murphy (1816), IX, 180.
[42] Johannes Prinz, *John Wilmot* (Leipzig, 1927), 112.
[43] *Ibid.*
[44] "The Baite," *Poetical Works*, ed. by H. J. C. Grierson (London, 1912), I, 46.
[45] "Fair Chloris in a Pig-Sty lay . . . " (*Works*, 24-5).

stock accoutrements of pastoral are there—"Fair Chloris," the "tender Herd," "snowy arms," and "ivory pails"—but the pig-sty fence is down. An earlier song to Chloris is less brutal, but scarcely less realistic.[46] It begins with the traditional artlessness of pastoral: innocent Chloris, her youthful shepherd, and the inevitable willow. Even when the swain has made his advances, Rochester remains as coy as the lady:

> Ah, Youth! (said she) what Charms are these,
> That conquer and surprize?

A dagger-thrust of cynical wit suddenly exposes the artifice:

> She fainting spoke, and trembling lay,
> *For fear he should comply.*[47]

The piquancy of Rochester's pastorals derives largely from the subtle interplay of the traditional and the real. Basically, this is the structure of all the lyrics. Love, as Rochester himself writes to Phyllis, "has new strung his Bow, and sharpen'd his Darts";[48] the barbed arrows of irony are released by violent twanging of the old strings. So, Rochester takes over the tunes of his predecessors and syncopates upon them his own highly personal rhythms. "'Tis not that I am weary grown," begins a farewell to his mistress, "Of being yours, and yours alone."[49] This is pleasant and familiar enough. The accents are those of Lovelace—"Tell me not (Sweet) I am unkinde"—or, even more, of Donne:

> Sweetest love, I do not goe
> For wearinesse of thee. . . .[50]

What one expects after the opening chords is the steady music of amorous protest. Instead, there is a violent emotional shock made all the more startling by the continuing calm of the verse:

> But with what Face can I incline,
> To damn you to be only mine?
> You, whom some kinder Pow'r did fashion,
> By Merit, and by Inclination,
> The Joy at least of a whole Nation.

The explosive force of Donne's contempt almost invariably fractures the surface of the verse; Rochester delivers the lash with a graceful flourish. Characteristically, he allows a moment's respite; the victim recovers poise:

> Let meaner Spirits of your Sex,
> With humble Aims their thoughts perplex. . . .

Once again, there is the invitation to relax, to sit back in the armchair of tradition and the sober precedent of Wotton:

> You meaner beauties of the night
> That poorly satisfie our eies. . . .[51]

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[46] *Ibid.*, 22.
[47] *Ibid.* The italics are mine.
[48] *Ibid.*, 109.
[49] *Ibid.*, 20.
[50] *Poetical Works*, I, 18.
[51] Sir Henry Wotton, *Poems*, ed. by A. Dyce (London, 1843), 10.

Immediately, the chair is pulled away, and the lady's dignity falls with a thud:

> Favours, like Nature, you dispence,
> With universal Influence.

Rochester takes an obvious delight in first setting a pattern of conventionality, in order that his departure from it may be more disconcerting. So, he deliberately arouses the expectation of a Petrarchan rapture—"All things submit themselves to your Command"—and proceeds to the thoroughly un-Petrarchan qualification: "when it does not Love withstand."[52] Or he broaches the heroic with a resounding line—"The utmost Grace the Greeks could shew . . ."—and reduces it to absurdity:

> . . . each brave Greek embrac'd his Punk,
> Lull'd her asleep, and then grew drunk.[53]

A final example will illustrate the combined subtlety and savagery with which Rochester rings the changes on conventional themes. A single lyric celebrates constancy; does so, in fact, with considerable charm:

> I cannot change, as others do,
> Though you unjustly scorn:
> Since that poor Swain that sighs for you,
> For you alone was born.[54]

Within the song itself, there is no counter-current. But I think it is not an exaggeration to say that a later poem, "The Mock Song," is a direct travesty of this. The parody is partly verbal, partly rhythmical, and always close:

> I wench as well as others do,
> I'm young, nor yet deform'd,
> My tender Heart, sincere and true,
> Deserves not to be scorn'd.[55]

This song, too, is addressed to Phyllis; but while its model pleads:

> No Phyllis, no, your Heart to move
> A surer way I'll try, . . .

the mockery here expands into ridicule:

> Why, Phillis, then, why will you Trade
> With forty Lovers more?

Finally, the refrains in each case point the contrast: "Constancy" has a dying fall—"Will still love on, will still love on, and die"—and "The Mock Song" a deliberate bathos—"Alas I am, alas I am a Whore."

This technique of dissonance—the tension between form and content, convention and personal emotion—seems to me directly related to Rochester's thinking. It is a kind of aesthetic parallel to his psychological tensions, and the recurrent deflations reproduce in miniature his own perpetual disillusionment.

The lyrics maintain for the most part the glazed surface of indifference or contempt. In the satires, the emotion deliberately suppressed in the

[52] *Works*, 8. [53] *Ibid.*, 11. [54] *Ibid.*, 25. [55] *Ibid.*, 66.

songs is intellectualized and canalized. "Who can abstain from Satire in this Age?"[56] he asks bitterly, taking a cue from Juvenal. Certainly not Rochester. Realism and sensitivity were flint and steel in his nature, and the spark of satire was inevitable. Dryden, jibing at Doeg's incapacity for satire, insisted that "still there goes some thinking to ill-nature."[57] The converse, that some ill-nature goes still to satiric thinking, is equally true, and Rochester had just sufficient impatience in him for "the right veine." "My own ill-nature," he tells Savile, "inclines me very little to pity the Misfortunes of malicious mistaken Fools";[58] the truth of the statement is written large across the satires.

Satire involves ill-nature; it involves also a particular attitude towards human nature. There could be no satire in hell or heaven; which is simply another way of saying that its prerequisite is a view of man as fallible but not inherently, hopelessly corrupt. Rochester represents the satiric norm in this respect: "Greatness and meanness are necessary ingredients that enter both into the making up of every one that is borne."[59] The Elizabethans were perhaps too conscious of the first extreme to produce really pungent satire; in the seventeenth century, influences scientific and philosophical combine to produce a cooler climate of opinion. When Rochester reflects that he is "one of those strange, prodigious Creatures Man," he is at the farthest possible extreme from the temporary exaltation of Hamlet's "What a piece of work is man!" The precarious balance of man as a creature intermediate between God and beast has been upset; the result is a satiric fury which conjures up the old vision only for contemptuous dismissal. In the *Satyr against Mankind*, it is "some formal Band and Beard" who glorifies "Blest man,"

> to whom alone kind Heav'n,
> An everlasting Soul hath freely giv'n;
> Whom his great Maker took such care to make,
> That from himself he did the Image take. . . .

Rochester gives him short shrift; there is no place in his philosophy for the notion

> . . . that makes a Mite
> Think he's the Image of the Infinite.[60]

Any adequate consideration of Rochester's satire would be in itself the subject of a paper. All that can be done here is to suggest its general quality. At its best capable of a fierce concentration, it is more often diffuse, sprawling, merely abusive. Always, however, one feels a drive, a furious compulsion, which differentiates it sharply from the cool malice of Pope. The difference in spirit between the two satirists is, in effect, condensed in a single fact: that Rochester wrote a poem "Upon Nothing,"

[56] *Ibid.*, 86. This is probably an echo of Juvenal's "difficile est saturam non scribere."
[57] *Absolom and Achitophel*, II, 422.
[58] *Works*, Letter XIV, 262.
[59] *Ibid.*, Letter LXXXVII, 295.
[60] *Ibid.*, 37.

and Pope, in imitation, a poem "On Silence." Rochester plunges into the utter blackness of nihilism; Pope dallies with the polite social virtue of silence.

If Rochester's range of vision is infinitely greater than Pope's, his skill is considerably less. The lampoons seldom rise above scurrility and heavy-handed caricature. More effective are the satires on general social evils; and it is a curious paradox that perhaps the closest approach to Milton's splendid invective against the sons of Belial should come from a libertine more flown with insolence and wine than most:

> ev'ry one with Insolence enjoys
> His Liberty and Property of Noise.
> Should true Sense, with revengeful Fire come down,
> Our Sodom wants Ten Men to save the Town.[61]

But even here the satire is negatively significant. Rochester is speaking in a particular, limited context ("Against the Disturbers of the Pit"); Milton projects his criticism against a framework of universal significance. Milton's theatre is all heaven and hell; Rochester's is Drury Lane. And while Milton has the fundamental certainties—God and Satan, free will and salvation—Rochester, moving against a shifting background, must put his faith in "true Sense" rather than an avenging God.

The question of the motive of Rochester's satires is really no question at all. Bishop Burnet seems to have accepted Rochester's claim to edifying purpose: "There were some people, who could not be kept in order or admonished but in this way";[62] and Wolseley does his dogged best to reinforce it: "He was a continual Curb to Impertinence and the publick Censor of Folly. . . ."[63] But Rochester himself had given the game away. Lies, libels, and malice he excused to his spiritual preceptor on the grounds that they "came often in as ornaments, that could not be spared, without spoiling the beauty of the poem."[64] Even without this testimony, there is no mistaking the predominance in Rochester of the aesthetic over the moral sensibility. The constant object of his satire is not vice but folly; and foolishness—since all virtue rests in the will—is not a moral criterion. Rochester's fury is aroused by "a Bawling Fop" who "thought to be a wit," by "A tall stiff Fool, that walk'd in Spanish guise," "a new scene of foppery . . . a tribe of Curates." It is notable that even when he comes to censure a man like Samuel Parker who is vulnerable on moral grounds ("trampling on Religious Liberty"), Rochester's chief concern is still "his folly."[65]

In the general collapse of moral values, Rochester falls back on the intellectual and aesthetic. What his satires lack is a clearly articulated

[61] *Ibid.*, 121.

[62] Gilbert Burnet, *Some Account of the Life and Death of John Wilmot, Earl of Rochester* (London, 1812), 41.

[63] "Preface to *Valentinian*," *Critical Essays of the Seventeenth Century*, III, 3.

[64] Burnet, *Rochester*, 42.

[65] *Works*, 122-3.

system of values, an ethos. Having said this, however, one is obliged to admit that all satire involves a set of values, stated or implicit, in relation to which the object satirized is measured and found wanting. So, while Rochester persistently voices the tenets of a cynical materialism, his denial of the abstract virtues has a kind of desperate bravado. "Well manner'd, Honest, Generous, and Stout," these are all "Names by dull Fools to plague Mankind found out";[66] but his letters are shot through with a restless desire for just these qualities. "In my Dear Self I center every Thing," he boasts; but Burnet records Rochester's melancholy envy of those who "had somewhat on which their thoughts rested and centered."[67] It was this for which he sought feverishly in "The Three Businesses of [the] Age, Women, Politicks and Drinking."[68] The terms in which Mrs. Barry is addressed are suggestive: "You are the best Object . . . I can find in the World."[69] Rochester lost his faith in many things; he found Woman in women, and rages at the end in a manner that arouses strange echoes:

> Though on Thy Head, Grey Hairs, like Etna's Snow
> Are shed, thou 'rt Fire and Brimstone all below.
> Thou monstrous thing, in whom at once does rage
> The Flames of Youth, and Impotence of Age.[70]

This is the madness of Lear;[71] but for Rochester, too, there was the ounce of civet. Friendship, good nature, truth: he returns to these again and again in his letters to Savile. He knows that " 'tis not an easy thing to be intirely happy, but to be kind is very easy, and that is the greatest Measure of Happiness";[72] wit and good nature are "two Qualities able to transport [his] Heart with Joy, tho' it were breaking."[73] "I my self," he insists in a grave mood, "have a Sense of what the Methods of my Life seem so utterly to contradict."[74] There is no reason, certainly, to doubt his sincerity. If he spent his life pursuing baubles, he was under no illusion as to their value:

> Alas, 'tis all the shaddow of a pleasure;
> No true Content in [nature's] works are found,
> No sollid Joys in all Earth's spacious round. . . .
> Vertue's the sollid good, if any be;
> 'Tis that creates our true Felicitie.[75]

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[66] *Ibid.*, 107.
[67] Burnet, *Rochester*, 59.
[68] *Works*, Letter XIII, 261.
[69] *Ibid.*, Letter LII, 279.
[70] *Ibid.*, 151.
[71] See *King Lear*, IV, vi, 121-2, 130-2:

> Behold yond simp'ring dame,
> Whose face between her forks presages snow. . . .
> Beneath is all the fiends':
> There's hell, there's darkness, there's the sulphurous pit
> Burning, scalding, stench, consumption. . . .

[72] *Works*, Letter LXXVII, 290.
[73] *Ibid.*, Letter IV, 254.
[74] *Ibid.*, Letter LXXVII, 290-1.
[75] *Ibid.*, 59.

This is not great poetry, but neither is it the work of an unthinking epicure. Moving among the silks and satins, Rochester was aware of "Plain-Dealing . . . in a thread-bare Gown"; he heard the laughter of Charles's courtiers, and knew that it was a "passing Bell."[76]

Perhaps it is this which, in the last analysis, accounts for the extraordinary quality of Rochester. He sliced like a knife through everything; at the same time he was outside, looking on.[77] He lived in a precious, elegant, and reckless court, and he was the greatest rake of them all. But he never for a moment lost his overwhelming vision of deceit and knavery, of a world of "Spies, Beggars and Rebels," where hypocrisy was the only vice in decay, since few men dissembled their knavery, and no women disowned their whoredom.[78] "I am in Chains here," he writes; at court one can "think not at all; or, at least, as if you were shut up in a Drum."[79] And so, when he wants to adapt a drama, he takes over Fletcher's *Valentinian*, with its hot unhealthiness, its theme of royal sensuality and idleness. If the result is less coherent than its original, it is because Rochester was, like his own Valentinian,

> of a troubled Spirit that like fire
> Turns all to flames it meets with.[80]

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[76] *Ibid.*, 65.

[77] The phrase is Virginia Woolf's. I omit the quotation marks because I should not like to make any direct connection between Rochester's kind of perception and Mrs. Dalloway's.

[78] *Works*, Letter xv, 263.

[79] *Ibid.*, Letter xxxv, 273; Letter x, 258.

[80] *Ibid.*, 230.

LETTERS IN CANADA: 1945

Edited by A. S. P. Woodhouse

Part II

IV. FRENCH-CANADIAN LETTERS — W. E. Collin

I

François Hertel, in his latest book, *Nous ferons l'Avenir*, draws a picture of the French Canada that is to be. He sees it expanding northwards. Perhaps it is destined to become the Norway of America. At the same time he sees signs of the United States, breaking up into independent and rival nations. French Canada will then be able to stand up to those southern nations, who will not dream of laying hands on her northern habitation. Hertel wants his country to shake off defeatism, cultivate a self-assertive spirit, and acquire prestige. Setting out from what we are, he says, towards what we are destined to become, our language, our habits, our aspirations must tend toward a kind of life which is completely French. Let us make Montreal a miniature Paris. We must have interior sovereignty, leaving exterior sovereignty to Ottawa. Then we shall be masters in our own house; we shall have the organizations we like, the education we like, and we shall have closer relations with whom we like—with the Latin countries of South America, for example. The federal government will be something like a "diet," confederation something like the largely decentralized Swiss cantons, and our members of parliament will be ambassadors of the sovereign state of Quebec at Ottawa. Our role in America is to construct a solid and balanced economy modelled on French economy, which ought to serve as a living example to the world. It will be an application, adapted to our country, of the principles of Catholic sociology. To shine abroad, our culture must produce something other than writers of "action" and journalists. It must produce creative writers. Our literature will be "pure" literature, born of the Canadian soil, a form of regionalism which seeks its realization on the plane of the eternal. Most of this Hertel has told us before; perhaps the tone is a little more aggressive than usual: we shall *make* the future.

Father Georges Simard, in his *Pour l'Education dans un Canada souverain*, discusses a problem overlooked by Hertel: education in a sovereign state. The key to Father Simard's picture is his conception of the nature of man. It is the orthodox picture of the old Adam and the new Adam and the possibility of man's salvation through grace. To make ourselves whole, we need to associate two orders of knowledge, anthropocentrism with theocentrism, to progress through science, philosophy, theology, towards mystic experience. Aspiration towards divine charity must be the spirit of all our knowledge. For directing principles we must go to St. Thomas Aquinas. In the pursuit of this ideal of integral humanism Father Simard

offers a living model: the philosopher and mystic, Jacques Maritain. Incidentally Father Simard follows the history of education from Greece, through the scholastic philosophers, to the nineteenth-century Oratorians on the banks of the Ottawa. As concrete proposals he suggests that our colleges should provide training which would suit young people preparing themselves for civil life; that selected philosophers, not destined for the priesthood, should drink in a deeper knowledge of Catholic theology by frequenting the Catholic universities; that to achieve a real civilization our universities should teach letters, science, sociology, diplomacy, constitutional and international law: more than that, illumination and impregnation of the Divine. "Integral humanism goes as far as that, or it fails."

There are reflections, of a different tenor, on education in Pierre Baillargeon's *Les Médisances de Claude Perrin*. This is an autobiography of a fictitious character, Perrin: a book of confessions. Baillargeon has devised a narrative form for the moral reflections and epigrams he published in his review *Amérique française*. Of his school days, of bitter memory, Perrin remarks:

> The school boy must not speak (for if he speaks, he repeats; it is still the mistress speaking) or stand up, or look at his neighbour. But he can quite easily do nothing. In default of discipline by work, his work is sacrificed to an exterior discipline. . . . However, when I left school, I had learned to read. Besides, I knew by heart a small geography, the catechism for use in the province of Quebec, Bible history and the history of Canada, which I confused longer than was reasonable.

Thanks to sickness, Perrin was often absent from secondary school and so escaped the training "which was in theory a conformation to an ideal inherited from last century and consequently a deformation." Regarding courses of language study he remarks: "Generally we lose sight of the fact that language is after all but a means and the best is worthless if we make bad use of it." Of specialization: "A specialist forms specialists and many specialists deform the pupils confided to their care. A complete man alone is the model." A system is judged by its fruits. The fruit Perrin's rector looked for was success. But in 1922 Perrin had a new experience.

> I saw a true teaching of the humanities born in my native town. . . . Then, for the first time, some young priests dared to speak to us of poetry, music, painting and dancing. They had discovered what makes man more than man. They were more interested in a work than in its author and in dates. Bossuet was first of all a poet; similarly Racine and his psychology, . . . we studied that after the supreme art of his verses.

But the beauty of Baillargeon's little book is the beauty of its literary art. Baillargeon is a compound of moralist and aesthete. He is at odds with society; success is not his aim; his aim is perfection. His literary effort consists in finding perfect literary forms for his ideas of society, of people, of himself, whom he judges from the standpoint of their action on the artist seeking perfection. An image to him is not so much a description as an idea. "This evening, it has snowed a little. The village resembles a checkerboard; white roofs and shadows. At present, between the houses, the wind blows as though it were passing through the unequal holes in a shepherd's

flute." Thus his ideas take the form of maxims or epigrams and, like those of the seventeenth-century masters, they are witty.

> The maxim alone is moral. It alone has the excuse of its brevity. It alone wills to be the last word . . . ; the maxim seems endowed with a spring which, because of its extreme compression, is capable of the greatest power of expansion. Set off at a glance and, so to speak darted, it stabs into our attention; it is strongly imprinted on our memory, there to act as a word of command and nourish our will.

Some of his sentences are self-criticism. Some are expressions of his personal disappointment. Baillargeon is not bitter, not cynical, but sad. The eternal artist at odds with the world, he envies Montaigne not his *Essais*, but his tower. And in the light of ideal perfection he seems to have achieved nothing, to have been cursed with sterility, like Mallarmé. Hence the feeling of futility, his indecision. There is some consolation in knowing that his wife's first novel brought her a good deal of money. Baillargeon also has a word to say about regionalism and the literature of survival. He hopes that people in America will one day prefer French-Canadian literature to French literature: "It will have the same quality, acclimatized to the New World, and will be more easily assimilated."

One gleans from writers like Hertel and Baillargeon that the history of French-Canadian literature falls into three periods: before the twentieth century it did not exist; in the twentieth century and almost up to the present it existed as a literature of remembrance, *je me souviens;* the young writers of today describe their environment but "do not forget that a writer is at the same time a man and an environment." With them it is a question of *vivre* rather than *survivre*.

II

The development that is taking place in painting and architecture is, from this point of view, very significant. Several interesting books dealing with Canadian art and artists appeared this year. First of all there is Maurice Gagnon's *Peinture canadienne*. As in Hertel, the contention here is that we are growing up. There are signs of maturity: "We have perfect works which we can be proud of." M. Gagnon finds support for his general thesis in M. Jean Le Moyne's observation: "The principal characteristic of these works is that they reach the universal and thus acquire an absolute value. That is precisely what is new in our country." "Regionalism," says M. Gagnon,

> is the normal expression of peoples in their beginnings. . . . In painting, we have replaced regionalism with the universal. . . . The portrait of the habitant in the red tuque, wearing a mackinaw with an arrow-patterned sash, hardly arouses our interest. That painting of a regionalist subject still satisfied us yesterday. It has no charm at all now except as history. We demand more of painting. That it be first of all painting. That it have quality. That it move us; not only us, Canadians, but others also. We can maintain that Canadian painting at present goes beyond everything that it has achieved in the past.

The object of M. Gagnon's book is to trace this development. Our artists can now be seen in their true light. Morrice, for example, is "the first great

Canadian painter." In our country, where subject has been the criterion of painting, Morrice's influence has been to implant "the principle of living art." This is what John Lyman tries to show in his study of Morrice, a work published in the "Collection art vivant," under the direction of M. Gagnon. Morrice spent much of his life in France, with occasional visits outside, to North Africa, the West Indies. Under all these skies, Morrice "will evoke the prestige of water, . . . flowing water, glistening water, water white with foam, the rolling water of rivers, estuaries, coves, lagoons, gulfs and the open sea. It is the principal personage of the picture." He was disposed, says Mr. Lyman, "to accept the world. . . . If he sees it, in the distance, as it were, it is in order to marvel leisurely at the simple pleasures and the serene beauty which he sings, as solitary souls sing, in secret."

The new movements in art do not please M. Dominique Laberge, who (in his little book, *Anarchie dans l'art*,) inveighs against "living" art or "modern" art, maintaining that beauty is the creative force of art and contending that the deep causes of the present disorder, the ugliness and craziness, are the "false ideas" put forth by Rodin, his "denial of beauty in art."

Father M. A. Couturier's *Marcel Parizeau*, in the same series as Lyman's *Morrice*, discusses new developments in another order: architecture. Father Couturier, whose portrait (by Louise Gadbois) is reproduced in M. Gagnon's *Peinture canadienne*, is an *émigré* who has turned his attention to Canadian art. In *Art et catholicisme* (1941) he lamented "the disappearance in contemporary Catholicism of an atmosphere favourable to art." And in the last chapter of that book, discussing sacred art in Canada, he wrote: "Everything is done by the authority or through the medium of the clergy: the few artists living in the country have hardly any part in it." Marcel Parizeau is an architect and Professor of the History of Architecture at Montreal. After studying at the Ecole Polytechnique, where architecture was taught by a Frenchman, Parizeau went on to the Ecole des Beaux-Arts in Paris. That was in 1923. In France he was fascinated by the Norman abbeys; in Italy by antiquity. On his return in 1933, he had the impression that Canada, instead of being a "young" country, is a very old country, "mentally very old." "Never is a principle brought into question, in any order whatsoever—we elude difficulties, that's all." The problem of architecture in Canada is a spiritual problem. Style here is nothing more than decoration, "in no way prescribed, as it ought to be, by the fundamental data of the edifice and the ends it is to serve." "No style is alive except in the organic unity of the work and by it: unity of the idea and end; unity of materials and means." If Morrice gave his countrymen a sense of painting, M. Parizeau has given them a sense of architectural style. In Montreal M. Parizeau has had to face the modern urban problems of circulation and groupings of population: the kind of problem M. Adrien Genest, a civil engineer, attempts to solve in *Solution pratique et économique au problème de la circulation dans les grands centres métropolitains*. They have brought him to the conviction that "architecture ought to tend towards a very

simple type of habitation . . . that can be taken apart and moved." Parizeau's elegance, says Couturier, "might become cold and rather dry if the contrasts and the harmony of brick and concrete, stone and wood, metal and glass, did not bring into these rational constructions a variety, a constant play of matter and tonality which makes them delightful to look at." "In the sanctuary, erected at the School of Furniture in 1941 for the exposition of liturgical art, Marcel Parizeau had conceived walls which were built from top to bottom of translucent glass bricks." And Father Couturier remarks that "it is truly inconceivable that such possibilities are never utilized in this Christian country." This volume contains photographs of private homes and the Ecole du Meuble designed by M. Parizeau.

Fernand Léger is a tribute to the well-known French cubist by Hertel, Couturier, M. Gagnon, S. Giedion, S. M. Kootz, and contains thirty-eight pages of reproductions. We have often spoken of M. Gérard Morisset's work. His latest brochure contains a biography of an early silversmith, Paul Lambert, an appreciation of his art, together with a score of photographs of his lamps, monstrances, censers, flower vases, trays, etc. Lucien Grandgérard's *L'Art de peindre* is a technical work dealing with colours, portrait painting, landscapes, and seascapes. The last chapter is entitled "The Teaching of the Great Painters."

III

The picture of French-Canadian drama is not so bright. What makes M. Léopold Houlé's dissertation, *L'Histoire du théâtre au Canada*, so thin and unsatisfactory is that there is hardly anything to dissert upon. M. Houlé, who often complains about the dearth of subject-matter, is reduced to anecdotes—Frontenac and the hundred pistoles he accepted from Mgr de Saint Vallier for withdrawing Molière's *Tartuffe;* the opposition of the clergy to dramatic representations; David Garrick; the visit of Sarah Bernhardt. "Dramatic criticism dates only from 1880, when it consisted of a few kindly comments on the players who happened to be passing through. . . ." We have to come to our own century before there is a hint of a theatre in Canada. "It was during the opening years of the century up to the Great War that the theatre lived its brightest hours." Unfortunately, to get all the information we can about this "grande époque" from M. Houlé's history we should have to collect passages here and there, often in the foot-notes. It is a question of theatres, rather than the theatre, only one of which, Le National, lasted any time. "The pioneers of this theatre, Filion, Godeau, Palmieri, Hamel, Daoust, have spoken tenderly of this period when they played, seven days a week, every time with the same enthusiasm, *Don César de Bazan*, *Les deux Orphelines*, *Les trois Mousquetaires*, *Monte Cristo*, *La Mendiante de Saint-Sulpice*, and so many other pieces." Even yet we have no Canadian drama. Eventually we meet with Fréchette's *Veronica*, "triumph of romanticism" (1905). "Almost all

the characters on the stage before the Great War, whether Petitclerc's, Marchand's or Choquette's, have nearly the same livery. The form scarcely varies from one piece to another." "With the exception of those who treated patriotic subjects such as Montcalm or Dollard, our authors have exploited social comedy; it is the man looking for a dowry, the intractable father, the envious fellow, the calumniator, in short, a host of characters which our authors looked for among our *bourgeoisie*." Since the Great War Madame Yvette Gouin, Marie-Claire Daveluy, Henri Letondal and M. Houlé himself have written two score or so pieces for the stage. Of these M. Houlé remarks: "Madame Gouin raises problems in the margin of the eternal theme of love. Henri Letondal writes vaudeville and sometimes exploits *grand guignol*. Marie-Claire Daveluy cuts pages out of our history and makes them touching. The author of *Presbytère en fleurs* [M. Houlé himself] is an observer. Father Gustave Lamarche receives his inspiration from the scriptures." There are also Ernest Pallascio-Morin and Jean Desprez, known by his tragedy, *Mayerling*. The book ends with a page or so on Father Emile Legault's Compagnons de Saint-Laurent and Father Gustave Lamarche's Paraboliers du Roi. M. Pierre Dagenais' L'Equipe is too recent a development to be mentioned. It is, however, in the work of these groups that we must look for what is vital in the theatre today.

Father Gustave Lamarche, who has written almost a score of dramas, has found inspiration for his new drama, *Les Gracques*, in Roman history. Following Claudel and the Greeks, this dramatist uses choral forms in an interesting way. Perhaps he believes, with Claudel, that the future of the theatre is in choral *ensembles*. In this tragedy, based upon the ideals and acts of the two famous brothers, Tiberius and Caius Gracchus, Father Lamarche teaches his young actors and his audience certain lessons concerning social and moral order, the dignity of rural life, the nobility of sacrificing one's life upon the national altar, but, especially, he seeks to express the beauty of Rome, the idea of Rome stretching forth its grace everywhere and the heritage of Rome, "reserved principally," in the words of the Appendix, "for the *second Rome*."

The only other Canadian play that has come into our hands is *L'Homme aux trois femmes*, by Marius Barbeau and Juliette Caron-Dupont, which, as we might expect from M. Barbeau, is Indian folklore done over in French style. In this pretty little piece the artist becomes dissatisfied with his three *femmes en bois*, but when the seductive Mignonne takes the place of one all goes well.

IV

M. Marcel Trudel's *L'Influence de Voltaire au Canada* is a thesis, in two volumes crowned with a vast bibliography of fifty-two pages. It is organized to show the beginnings of "the influence of Voltaire" during the old régime; "a vast Voltairian inundation" between 1760 and 1830; "a near Voltairian inundation" between 1850 and 1880; and "the last waves of Voltairianism," 1880 to 1900.

What have we remarked? La Hontan, Voltairian before the word, comes and lives in Canada for ten years; but he falls upon a religious community: the faith of the people is alive and shock-proof. Then, among the élite a current of libertinage is produced: from France there comes a protégé of D'Alembert's, Bougainville, who remains in contact with the circle of Madame du Deffand, Voltaire's friend; with him lands Montcalm, who reads the *Encyclopédie*. . . . The influence of Voltaire seems to begin in frivolity. People read Voltaire or the *Encyclopédie* because they want to read contemporary literature, especially the literature in style at the moment. Atheistic literature, if not perilous.

A little later, and

during more than half a century, Voltaire was our only master of literature, our only professor of history and philosophy. His spirit suddenly invaded us, after 1760, like a great surge of ice-floes: a rush of waters which flooded everything and carried down débris for seventy years. But after 1815, the flood gradually loses its violence; the volume diminishes; towards 1825 we may well ask ourselves if the river will not become dry.

Like a Puritan looking for impurity, M. Trudel ferrets out the unholy, unpatriotic, and altogether horrid vermin everywhere: even in the unsuspected corners of French-Canadian journals and institutions; among the intellectual baggage of politicians, judges, historians and writers. He accuses the historian Garneau of plagiarizing Voltaire; Arthur Buies, in his estimation, is "an integral Voltairian." M. Séraphin Marion, in his studies of early French-Canadian journalism, has often spoken of the maleficent influence of Voltaire, but not with the passion and certainly not with the severity and heated imagination of M. Trudel.

A solid work of literary criticism is Sister Joseph-Arthur's thesis on *L'Art dans Saint Augustin* graced, as M. Trudel's, with a formidable bibliography. Among our compatriots, Lorne Pierce has stated his conviction that "there is more priceless theory about man and deathless fact about society in Augustine's *De Civitate Dei* and the *Summa Theologia* of Thomas Aquinas . . . than in half the libraries of the world on economic theory." And Father Georges Simard has told us that he first encountered St. Augustine forty years ago and that since 1914, after coming upon Louis Bertrand's *Saint Augustin*, he has "never parted from this noble African friend." Father Simard, who writes a preface to Sister Joseph-Arthur's volumes, has on various occasions interpreted current happenings in the world in the light of St. Augustine and has recently treated him as a master in the field of education. But it is not for theology or educational theory that Sister Joseph-Arthur has gone to St. Augustine. It is to study an almost unexplored aspect of his work: the technique of the writer. "All St. Augustine's literary precepts," says Sister Joseph-Arthur, "can be summarized in the formula 'oratorical technique.' " To make the excellence of his art stand out in relief she places it against the background of Latin decadence. St. Augustine, a link between pagan and Christian literature, is "an artist in an age of decadence. . . . He enlarges the Ciceronian frame which has become too small. . . . The Bishop of Hippo was a greater writer than Cicero, if we consider his influence through the centuries." The *Confessions*, especially, "continue to stir men's minds and touch their hearts."

M. Pierre-Georges Roy is an historian who often devotes his attention to literary themes. Recently it was De Gaspé's works; now it is Crémazie, the poet: *A propos de Crémazie*. The method of the historian is to build up a factual narrative with the aid of historical testimony. On the literary merit of Crémazie's poetry, M. Roy is content to let a score of other writers speak. Crémazie, "our old bard," was the soul of the patriotic awakening around 1860. Crémazie, the man, is described as a megalomaniac. Guy Sylvestre, with his ear tuned to sincerity, formal perfection and communion with the world, finds that there is still some pleasure in reading Crémazie's "Chant du vieux soldat canadien," "Le Drapeau de Carillon," and "Le Canada."

V

The title-poem of François Hertel's new collection *Cosmos* is "A Legend of the Centuries." It extends from the creation, through the Middle Ages and Renaissance, to the end of the world, when the poolrooms are empty and the racecourses abandoned, to the Last Judgment, when a terrifying God upon the clouds blesses the blessed and curses the accursed. The rest of the book is made up of "Solitude," "Summer," "The Superman," who is God, a poem to Léger, the artist, and short poems on various sports. It is the same Hertel. Like Harlequin on the Pont-Neuf, but in a black robe and in his *new* Paris, erstwhile Ville-Marie, he amuses the passers-by with his juggling, his wit, his lucid bombast. Hertel is the artist tormented with a need to create. He has already created an art of smiles and chuckles; he has renovated the biblical myth of the creation; he has gathered all artists under his concept of creation. He can create living creatures out of mud, and there is no end to them. He understands perfectly God's feelings as he looks at his creation:

> Nom de D . . . a dû dire Dieu, je n'en finirai donc jamais avec cette boue-là.
> En ont-ils des prétentions ces petits vermisseaux vertébrés?

He can crystallize a whole epoch of history in a few lines:

> Mais tout fut remis en question avec les barbares,
> Avec nos ancêtres, ces buveurs de sang dans des crânes.
> Un jour, pacifiés, convertis, portant la croix, embrassant la croisade
> Et le lendemain cadenassant leurs femmes et crevant les yeux de leurs ennemis;
> Ce fut le Moyen Age.

He can transform a season into a female beauty:

> Eté, tu es la fille élégante de Dieu,
> Celle de ses filles qui luit dans le Cantique,
> Tu es la Sunamite bienveillante.

This is the game of ping-pong in a line:

> L'oiseau mouche et l'abeille ont un flirt.

Jovette Bernier has published several volumes of verse. *Mon Deuil en rouge* is a fitting title for her latest, a symphony in red grief. Once this poet was so joyful the gods could not pardon her foretaste of heaven. She

has nothing but her love: her heart that no one has loved. She has reaped nothing but grief. A small boat that loves adventure, she does not know how to sail. A traveller through the world, asking all the magic cities if they have a cure for her grief which is too heavy to bear, she returns empty-handed. All roads are made in the form of a cross. Even the King's Son found, in all his Kingdom, nothing but a cross and a traitor's kiss. "Nothing has appeased the sudden tempests of the flesh."

> Montrez-nous l'oasis où l'on peut séjourner
> Pour se consoler d'être né,

she cries in the poem which carries the full burden of her grief. This poet has a passionate heart and her imagination transforms heartbreaks into symbols that move us to compassion. Among our nineteenth-century poets, despite the influence of the great romantic poets of France, love was strangely absent. In all our poetry there is certainly nothing like the strong passion, the grief and despair, which we find in the women of today, Mlle Bernier and Mlle Tardif.

In Marie Sylvia's *Reflets d'opales* there is a photograph of a castle near Bordeaux, where her father was agent or manager. It was in that countryside that the poetess, now resident in Ottawa, received her first poetic inspirations. As opals drawn from the earth present delicately coloured lights, so poetry is the light given out by the soul, penetrated with joy or sorrow, touched by the events of the world. Marie Sylvia also believes that poetry is a hymn of praise to God. "Reflets d'opales" are reflections seen in a poet's soul that is touched by the pageant of nature, by thoughts of holy days, of great men and women, Jeanne d'Arc in particular, of the heroes of Dieppe.

The Abbé Arthur Lacasse's latest volume of religious verse, *L'Heure du souvenir*, is divided into sections celebrating "congresses," "anniversaries," and "deaths"; another section contains tributes to various saints, church dignitaries, actresses of the Compagnons de Notre-Dame, and the poet Pamphile Lemay. M. Ernest Pallascio-Morin's *Jésus passait* is made up of narratives based upon incidents in the life of Christ. The narratives, arranged in the form of versicles, are written in very simple language so that children "might meet this Man and walk along the way with Him." The Abbé Philippe Blais's *Le Christ-roi* and Ruth Lafleur-Hétu's *Le Conte des sept glaives* are composed on similar lines. There is something of this same atmosphere in the poetic narratives collected by Félix Leclerc in *Andante*, which follows upon his *Adagio* (*contes*) and *Allégro* (*fables*). M. J.-D. Poirier's conception of life, in his new volume *Hymne à la vie*, is the humble life he sees in the homes of workers and peasants, composed of simple joys, laughter, and the long rest at last.

Voix des poètes is an anthology containing one hundred and ten poems by forty-eight poets; which means that certain of them are represented by no more than a single poem. Robert Choquette and Maurice Hébert are favoured with a half-dozen each. Obviously, there are too few poems or too many poets. The volume is unsatisfactory in other ways: there is

no introduction to explain the editor's choice, and we are given no information about the poets. Among the names representing the last thirty years or so there are notable omissions. For samples of the work of our young poets in their early twenties, we must go to *Gants du ciel*, No. 6, 1944, where we have an interesting anthology, with biographical notices, compiled by Guy Sylvestre and François Hertel.

Robert Charbonneau, editor of *La nouvelle Relève*, and one of our best novelists, is also a poet, and a symbolist poet. "It seemed to me unworthy," says the poet in *Fontile*, "that poetry should be food for common people. I wanted to give only a rare, tenuous, measured, artificial joy." His technique is more complicated than Nelligan's.[1] As wine decanted and wisely sipped, so his poetry yields its bouquet only to the connoisseur. In *Petits Poèmes retrouvés*, a dozen of them, he says: We were going through the fields in July, "our hands maculated with Mallarméan paint." M. Charbonneau celebrates the visitations of a tormenting and sterile beauty. Aphrodite, as you cast your robes upon the waves, yon fisherman's impious eyes devour your beauteous forms; Sorceress, heart-rending beauty, your eyes have lost their fire, despair quenches its thirst in your icy veins, and, like your sister Hérodiade, you are perishing in your loveliness, your youth is passing away. Your name is Marie, the virgin who has stolen the poet's will, whom he adores in silence; you are the "ancienne amie" with the painted lips who has left a "bouquet of heavy perfume" and "bitter regrets of never-tasted sensual delights scattered in the flesh" of the poet. You plead:

Je suis tiède d'amour, viens dormir sur mon cœur.

You are the sweetness of an autumn garden, a solitude of woods and lakes and flowers; you are night which catches him in her warm tide, carries him in her bosom, takes him back to her fiery torments; you are illusion; you are "a faded doll."

VI

M. Alain Grandbois is a Canadian and a man of the world. His first poems were published in China; his story of Louis Jolliet, *Né à Québec*, in Paris. The four stories in *Avant le Chaos* take us over some of the ground he traversed in *Les Voyages de Marco Polo*, far away from the regionalism of Laurentie. This work, indeed, belongs to French rather than to French-Canadian literature: it is of the order of Apollinaire, Cendrars, Morand, and the delightful *fantaisiste* Toulet—whom his characters cite on occasion. The area of his operations includes France, the Near East, Abyssinia, and especially China: not the China of Marco Polo, but the contemporary China of "Communist" generals. In this spacious framework the characters flit from one place to another with the rapidity of a movie film. The reader

[1] A beautifully produced new edition of Emile Nelligan's *Poésies* (first edition, 1903) has been issued by Fides, including again Louis Dantin's definitive Preface and adding a set of "Notes et Variantes."

has the sensation of always being on the point of departure for some far destination. What really takes place is a visit with an intelligence service agent who is another Lawrence of Arabia, with a major known in all the embassies of the world, a banker, a Russian prince, or a fascinating Manchu lady who speaks all the modern languages and who is dying of love. The technical purpose of these visits is to introduce us to an adventurer who will tell us the life-story of the one we just left. The amorous situation does not vary: after a brief experience of love, the gentleman is called away on a distant mission, London, or Indo-China, say; his houri is left in the tender care of a friend, with whom she falls in love. The result is separation: death by natural causes or in the Foreign Legion. And from it all is distilled the sweet *fantaisiste* philosophy: human beings are the same the world over and love is illusion. Those who are about to die, laugh. M. Grandbois is the orator of luxurious living, life rich in sensations as a result of aristocratic education, cosmopolitan experience, and, it may be said, of indulgence, drinking, opium-smoking, and immoderate travelling. And the luxurious life of his prose is instinct with these sensations. A heavy, mysterious sensuousness and a strange aestheticism pervade this writing and place this author in a niche of his own in the gallery of Canadian story-tellers.

In striking contrast with M. Grandbois' art we have M. Louvigny de Montigny's simple stories of quite ordinary folk he has met in Quebec. This writer is known for his interest in the "old" things of Quebec, the country of Maria Chapdelaine, its language and folk-lore. The stories and pictures in *Au Pays de Québec*, addressed to his grandson, belong to an art of which Frère Marie-Victorin's "récits et croquis laurentiens" are well-known models.

The allegories and portraits in M. Réal Benoit's *Nézon* are in the *fantaisiste* vein: gentle mockeries of romantic desires, popular institutions and enthusiasms. Perhaps the best of them is "Julie." Julie, who was destined for the missions in Madagascar, became a milkmaid and aroused a great deal of envy.

> Julie's fine corpulence took all the place by storm. As missionary, they had never seen her; as milkmaid, she began to excite the most eager desire. The women, wives and grandmothers, had never seen such outbursts among the men. Sweethearts turned pale and crossed themselves ten times a day when the goddess passed. And the men. . . ! From three neighbouring villages came handsome youths, followed by fathers, and it was often a family reunion at Julie's place. . . .

M. Claude Aubry is a satirist with a saturnine humour, full of disgust as he views the modern world of superior races and totalitarian chiefs: a world of industrial values, of sordid ideals. His *Miroirs déformants* present, among other figures, a Shylock of a landlord whose exactions in war-time bring about the death, by pneumonia, of a war bride in an icy apartment. The fable of the "transparent dog" is a satire on totalitarian régimes, societies of very active automata who know neither for whom they work nor to what end. In this society of dogs, one of the high dignitaries, a bulldog perched on an arm-chair, is asked: "What does your work consist

of?" "I sign permissions," he deigned to reply, as he continued to pare away an immense pile of little papers with incredible speed. "Le Lampadaire" is a story in a different category. In the drawing-room of the Manor of Salaberry lay an anaemic young girl of seventeen, her eyes fixed on the lamp-post in the garden. One night the light went out and an electrician came to repair it. He entered her room, they looked at each other. One of her cushions had fallen to the floor. André picked it up, raised her head and placed the cushion under her white neck. Jacqueline's heart beat rapidly. Now that the light was repaired she would probably see him no more. But she conceived a plan. She would put the light out and her parents would have to call the electrician again. So, frail creature that she was, she ventured out into the garden and fell at the foot of the lamp-post. "André," she murmured. "When is he going to come . . . ? I want to see him . . . before I die."

There are a great number of novels this year. They indicate that this *genre* is developing rapidly in the direction of satire and naturalism. However, from this standpoint, some of them have little importance. Jacqueline Dupuy's *Il est un Jardin* is a happy memory of childhood in France—until the war sent some of her family to Canada. Mario Duliani's *La Ville sans femmes* is a very readable account of his life in an internment camp. E. Pallascio-Morin's *Je vous ai tant aimée* consists of love-letters in the form of a diary. Maurice Benoit's *Par toi, j'ai souffert* is the tale of a self-centred young man who loses a leg as a resut of his first solo flight and is sustained by his now faithful fiancée. *Nora, l'enigmatique*, by Pierre Hartex, is an Italian lady, mysterious enough to be suspected by the military, who charms a Canadian soldier with the usual satisfactory ending. Rolland Legault's *La Rançon de la cognée* is a tale, pleasantly told, of a French-Canadian village after the Chapdelaine pattern. Adrienne Maillet's *Amour tenace* is a romantic story of two young doctors in which the rather improbable incidents happen very neatly according to plan. Jean-Pierre's *Le Feu dans les roseaux* is a pleasant little story of a rural parish in which the young people, rather disheartened, are given a new enthusiasm by the J.A.C. Hervé Biron's *Poudre d'or* is a tale of a seigneur's son sailing by the long route to California for gold to retrieve his fortunes. The reader is sometimes bewildered as the episodes of the trip are intermixed with others of earlier days recorded in his diary. All ends happily as he starts for home with his belt full of gold.

M. Berthelot Brunet is a story-teller and satirist. His latest work, *Les Hypocrites*, is described as a novel, of which *La folle Expérience de Philippe* is the first volume. It bears a superscription which reads: "The truth of a novel is not that of everyday life: the novelist takes from life only its conventions and its landmarks, and the farther he gets away from them the more veracious we say he is." That belief is the measure of the distance between the satiric art of M. Brunet and the realistic art of, say, Mlle Gabrielle Roy. Like all his fellows, M. Brunet stands away from his

characters, an observer rather than a participator. What he sees, then, and what he paints, is not living people, but rather characters, in the La Bruyère sense of characters; and strangely hypocritical characters. Hence the people we meet in this novel are puppets; we have marionettes where, M. Brunet's superscription notwithstanding, we should expect to find real people. Like puppets in the old Italian farce they represent certain "hypocrisies." Philippe, who wishes to assert his liberty and superiority, does what he pleases; he is sceptic, atheist, libertine. After reading Bourget's *Le Disciple* he uses his friend Dufort as a guinea-pig; and the problem of intellectual responsibility comes into the picture again. "Claire had done a great deal for Philippe, she who never left her children. She left them to be entirely at his service." She is a coquette and a hypocrite. "Shall I paint a coquette?" asks M. Brunet. "She wished to entice her lover and, through Philippe, bring him to marriage." She had another preoccupation: "She thought especially of the two children for whom all these intrigues would procure a better and more secure existence. Profoundly religious, superstitious rather, she had, before Philippe's arrival, even gone to church to recite a prayer—that at last her children should have a father to care for them." We are obviously entering upon a period of satire; our civilization is ripe for it. What alarms us in this work is the absence of what men like Racine and Boileau called "la nature." To this classic conception of art M. Brunet seems to prefer the orthodox religious conception of man, wilful and perverse by nature, steeped in sin.

There is also satire in M. Robert Charbonneau's story entitled *Fontile:* satire upon political practices and parasites. But the irony is chiefly directed at a young man who is possessed by the demon of literary glory, living in two worlds, that of his imagination and the everyday world, and paralysed by his indecision, which causes him to lose what he loves most; who achieves a glorious triumph at the elections at the very moment when the girl he loves lies dying. Fontile is the small lumber town some two hundred miles from Montreal where we first met André Laroudan, Ly, and Edward Wilding of *Ils posséderont la Terre*. They are friends of Julien Pollender, a poet, who in this environment of *bourgeois* comforts and small-town business, politics and journalism, passes an unhappy childhood and adolescence. His father, president of the local bank, is disgusted with the boy because of his shut-up nature and does not bother with him. And between the boy and his step-mother there exists a kind of armed truce. The torment of his adolescence was to feel that he was not virile: his poems were formless and weak. He lacked spontaneity and simplicity. "The habit of synthetizing, condensing, and symbolizing my impressions and sentiments, of transforming them into an exercise in style, paralysed all my dash." Looking for perfection, he studied only the modern poets, "those who have rarefied life, symbolized nature," and so condemned himself to a spiritual death of inanition. His faculty for retreating into himself caused the young ladies of his circle to pass out of his life. "I was going to lose Armande, as I had lost Lorraine, because I was living outside of reality.

In my imagination I held out my arms to her, but in reality I behaved as though I were indifferent." He knew he loved Armande, but in her presence he could not profit by it. "I was like a rider who, carried off on horseback, continues to look behind. That image seemed to me the crystallization of my uncontrolled destiny." So we have the feeling of debility and sterility we associate with Nerval and Mallarmé; the atmosphere of "L'Après-midi d'un faune" and "Artémis":

> That night all sorts of repressed images scurried about in my dreams. I was rowing on the river with Armande. . . .
>
> —"You see that road," said Lorraine (for Armande had become Lorraine), "the one which goes round the wood before coming out on to the terrace. It would be a nice place for us to talk."
>
> But ashore my companion had again changed into an English girl. "What a fine spectacle," I thought. "An auburn-haired English girl among the fallen leaves and dead wood." . . . I heard myself reply: "The sky is as clear as a phrase of Descartes."
>
> And I promised myself to note that phrase, for it seemed to me to contain a message and I was conscious of sleeping.

The condensed yet limpid language and these poetic analyses are what constitute the charm of this beautiful little book.

Jacqueline Mabit's *La Fin de la joie* is a study of adolescence: the story of an adolescent girl in love with another. Danielle, from Flanders, is in love with Laure, from the Pyrenees. They are at school together in Paris. The test of their love comes when Laure goes home for the holidays. During the separation the spring of their love is broken and Danielle tries to commit suicide by throwing herself into the river. This brings about a kind of conversion. She has loved a girl, not a man, with the ardour of a first love and her love bears no fruit. She must give up self-analysis and believe in God, love him. Then her ardour is not lost. Her ideal life, it appears, was Mme Curie. She decides to study science. At the end of the book we are informed that in her childhood she was left to work out the problems of religion alone and that at fifteen she felt a thirst for God. Through science, then, she will know God. "Each thing I learn is a communion with you. It is as though you took me by the hand to show me your universe. I learn your world. Those men who are my professors never speak of you. I know that most of them believe in nothing. But if they had loved some one to the very bottom of their beings, they would have found you." The thesis is not supported by the necessary documentation of communion, and the theme of perverted love is kept alive only by the dynamic idiom that this author uses so skilfully.

M. Pierre Benoit who, last year, published a strangely beautiful love-story entitled *Le Sentier couvert*, which began in the present and ended in the Montreal of a hundred years ago, has this year published an historical novel which takes us back to the very beginnings of Ville-Marie. The way of the Canadian historical novel is fraught with certain pitfalls: the danger of scrupulous historical veracity, dates, costumes, buildings, language, becoming too intrusive; on the other hand, the subtler dangers of anachronism, such as that of attributing to pioneers ideals which have been

cherished in later times. Again, the dominant sentiment of security, depending so much on "successive maternities," may play havoc with the tone. Martine Juillet, in M. Benoit's novel of that name, is a "fille du roi" who loved Nicolas Guillaumin but who was given, by Maisonneuve, to Laurent Ferron. However, Ferron falls sick of a fever and dies within six days, leaving Martine two thousand *livres* in his will. She is free to marry Nicolas. From then on it is the old story of fear, struggle, and dogged tenacity, of continual maternities until, after the eighth, Martine refuses to have more. Some of the children die; one is killed by an Indian tomahawk; François Xavier becomes a priest; Paul becomes a *coureur de bois* and marries an Indian girl, Marie des Bois, and is disowned by his father; Catherine marries the fur-trader who employed Paul; Josephine becomes a nun. Paul and Marie have a boy, whom they call François Xavier. After Paul and his father are drowned shooting rapids in a canoe, Marie languishes and expires. But the boy has inherited his father's wild instincts. Martine, now old and tottering, inherits the two thousand *livres*, divides them among her children, and sets François Xavier up in the fur business, expecting him to remain in Ville-Marie. But his vision of Canada is that of a large piece of cloth to cut to one's pattern. On his mother's death, he is free to follow his destiny as a *coureur de bois*.

One autumn evening, Germaine Guèvremont tells us in *Le Survenant*, a tramp called in at a farm near Sorel and stayed for a year. He was known as the surprise comer to Beauchemin's place. He held his head high; he had a great ringing laugh, and he won the admiration of all by his physical strength, the skill of his fingers, his homely wisdom, and his stories of faraway places. He made a canoe for the old farmer; the ladies of Sorel gave him old furniture to mend; when a circus came to town he fought the champion; he took Angelina out for a ride; he taught the women the song of the world. Without a sign or gesture he left the house during the night. Angelina shut herself up, and when Marie-Amanda went to see why her lamp was burning both women wept. The choice that presented itself to Venant was either to marry Angelina, take root and worry over dollars and cents, or to take to the road. He was "Grand-dieu-des-routes," and the road took him again. Perhaps he is the lost heir of a rich landowner suffering from amnesia, but he passes through the lives of these country folk like a gust of April wind over a patriarchal world, renewing old hopes and quickening desires. Here human life moves to the rhythm of the seasons; as the seasons, so the generations come and go; nature is everlasting, so the family of the Beauchemin, with its roots six generations deep in the past, will go on forever. *En pleine Terre* (1942) first introduced us to Didace, the patriarch who had written the law of the Beauchemin. Old Didace wishes his son Amable-Didace were a strong character like *le Survenant*. But Alphonsine is expecting a baby boy; then she will be able to take her place among the Beauchemin women. That will be another story. This sentiment of the continuity of life, this feeling for the timeless things of nature, this affection for old things, old ways, old tools, old songs, old

manners of speech, are what constitute the charm of Germaine Guèvremont's books.

In sharp contrast with the work of such novelists as Pierre Benoit and Germaine Guèvremont, Gabrielle Roy's study of an aspect of industrial life, *Bonheur d'occasion*, stands out as a perfect example of naturalism, a work of art which is at the same time an accurate case-history of a social disease, poverty. This young author was born in St. Boniface, Manitoba. After teaching school for a while in the West she went to England, studied at the Guildhall School of Music and Drama, but turned to writing. Coming back to Canada in 1939 she now lives in Montreal, in lower Westmount, overlooking the St. Henri working-class district, where she has witnessed this drama of poverty. Florentine Lacasse, the principal character, is employed as a waitress at the restaurant counter of a 5c.-$1 store where she first meets the young fellows who play a dominant role in her life. It is here and in other restaurants that we hear people speak of a society composed of those who make a display of luxury and others who are on relief. Florentine's family, in dire need of money, depend chiefly on her support. The home is full of children, eight living (three have died); the father Azarius, a taxi-driver, is shiftless, and the mother, Rose-Anna, bears the whole burden of poverty. Every year they have to move out of one home into another and cheaper one. Poverty, with its consequent undernourishment, disease, social insecurity, dread of the future, is incarnated in all these characters. Florentine's anguish is particularly acute because, in love with Jean, who has left her, she gives herself, in revenge, to Emmanuel. But all of them are in the grip of dread born of poverty. Whatever joy they know hangs by a thread. The war offers a solution. One boy, Eugène, tired of begging, joins the army. That means twenty dollars a month for his mother. In the end all the men join the army. War is salvation. Rose-Anna will be rid of her shiftless husband who paints her a pretty picture as he leaves: ninety-seven dollars a month by mail. "An almost irresistible vigour emanated from him," says the author, with keen irony. "His power to act, repressed so long and finding at last an outlet, carried him off in a movement of uncontrollable ardour. Quite simply, he had at last become a man; and to feel it gave him immeasurable joy." This mere sketch of a book which is more than five hundred pages in length can give little idea of its contents and less of its art. As a social document it is accurate; even to the language which we hear in the dialogues and conversations: French with an admixture of many English words and with a different flavour from that of the other novels we have reviewed. The art is perfect. Each day's little problems, persistent worries; the father's helplessness; the "successive maternities," the mother's revolt against suffering and the humiliation of her body, wishing to die, as she holds a picture of Daniel's coffin in her hand, and reproving herself for a sinful thought, lifted above herself by the calls to her tenderness—with these and many other observations Gabrielle Roy has exhausted the tragic possibilities of poverty. With what care, with what

unflagging strength, she has painted these many scenes in all their details! How delicately she analyses the consciences of these people, ordinary people with ordinary passions! How sensitive is this artist to the coquetry of eyes and words, the quick flow of feeling, the jealousy, the *badinage*, the heart's responses and defences, the whole drama of touchy passions, the harsh words said in jest! How tenderly she records the inner history of Florentine's emotional life: Florentine, victim of her terror, alone with her fear, moving towards Jean, then towards Emmanuel, and finally happy, with no more violent emotions. With what tragic irony has Gabrielle Roy revealed the insecurity and fear which define the existence of these poor workers! Florentine's "practical little mind was preoccupied with the only thing that she liked to think about: the future. . . . With the pension her mother would receive and her own, they would now be able to live very well. Emmanuel had begged her to quit work, but, greedy for money, she thought: 'I will continue as long as I am able; that will be so much extra.'" This work of a Westerner, a newcomer to Montreal, owes nothing to the main determinants of French-Canadian literature. It continues a nineteenth-century French tradition and as a work of art it depends solely on its perfection as an experimental novel.

Lumen of Montreal has issued a reprint of Joseph Marmette's *Charles et Eva*. Marmette was a writer of historical novels of which this was the earliest and weakest. It appeared in 1865 and recounts the expedition against Schenectady and the slaughter of its Dutch inhabitants in 1690. This new edition is prefaced by the historian-novelist Léo-Paul Desrosiers, who himself is a living testimony of the continuing vitality of the historical novel. Napoléon Bourassa's *Jacques et Marie* (1866), reprinted with an introduction by M. Eugène Achard, is another romance of the same kind and deals with the expulsion of the Acadians. The story has certain resemblances to Longfellow's *Evangeline*. These reprints make us aware of the superior power historical research has put into the hands of our contemporary novelists. With M. Desrosiers and M. Benoit on one hand and Roger Lemelin and Gabrielle Roy on the other, we observe two streams of fiction moving side by side, two streams of very different colour and content, emanating from two very different sources: the will to *survive*, and the will to *live*.

M. Pierre Daviault produces a peculiar type of literature which is difficult to fit into the ordinary categories. M. Daviault is a professor of translation. He has a flare for exciting stories; he draws them out of the books he reads. The stories and legends in his new book, *Histoires, légendes, destins*, concern the secret life of the Czar and Czarina, the mysterious experiments of an alchemist, the tragi-comedy of a bandit, the tragic Amazone of Paraguay, adventures in the South Sea Islands, the heroic life of Father Damien, the leper, etc. They are an interesting development of what may be called the art of anecdote.

The Abbé R. E. Llewellyn, who speaks to women concerning their "mission" in *Ta Personne*, has a fine imagination and a charming literary

sense. Fides have presented a work of his in a most elegant costume: *La Sagesse du bonhomme*. These chapters are delightful interpretations of La Fontaine's fables; lessons on the fables, if you like, by a teacher who is fond of literature and who constantly piques the curiosity of his students.

Allons gai! is a short anthology of prose and poetry selected by Mr. George A. Klinck of Toronto and designed for students of French in English-speaking schools. In a foreword, Dr. Lorne Pierce gives an excellent and comprehensive outline of French-Canadian ideas and sentiments, the most typical of which, perhaps, are represented: love of hearth and altar, country life, and popular legends.

VII

Volumes VI to VIII of the new edition of Garneau's *Histoire du Canada*, which inspired men like Marmette, bring the story down through the Quebec Act, the American Revolution, the War of 1812, the peace of Ghent, to the crisis of 1827 and the Ninety-Two Resolutions. M. Robert Rumilly's *Histoire de la province de Québec* continues with three volumes which bear the titles *Sir Lomer Gouin*, *Mgr Bruchési*, *Défaite de Laurier*. They deal with Bourassa and Lavergne in the Legislature, the founding of *Le Devoir*, the concentration of industry under the control of the financiers, the Eucharistic Congress at Montreal in 1910, L'Action Sociale Catholique, the defeat of Laurier and the industrial development of the province. At the close of the last volume the historian reviews literary developments around 1910: the decline of the "Ecole Littéraire de Montréal," the work of the Abbé Camille Roy, "pioneer critic," Henri d'Arles, the symbolist Nelligan, the *modernes*, Paul Morin, René Chopin, Marcel Dugas, who affect a disdain for regionalism, often substituting exoticism.[2]

The death, by drowning, of Father Laval Laurent robbed the Province of one of its talented historians. He was known for his bibliography of the encyclical *Rerum Novarum*. His doctoral dissertation *Québec et l'Eglise aux Etats-Unis sous Mgr Briand et Mgr Plessis* deals with an episode in the missionary epic of the Canadian Church. In 1759 Protestant England was mistress in New France; in 1776 the English colonies declared their independence. The historian studies the religious struggles at this moment in Canada and the foundations of an organized American Church and, in particular, the close relations of the bishops of Quebec with the Church in the United States. Father Laurent has made use of manuscripts in the archives of the Archbishopric at Quebec to throw more light on the influence of the Quebec bishops than appears in the work of scholars like Shea and Gosselin.

Another aspect of "national" history is presented in a book by Father Antoine Bernard. As Professor of Acadian History in the University of Montreal, he has for many years occupied himself with the problem of

[2]M. Rumilly has also given us this year a new edition of *Mgr Laflèche et son temps* (1938), a study of this well-known missionary and orator and believer in "a providential mission assigned to the French-Canadian people in America." See "Letters in Canada: 1938" (QUARTERLY, July, 1939).

French "survival" in Acadia. His latest work, *L'Acadie vivante*, is in keeping with the sentiments expressed by Mgr Laflèche. In the words of Archbishop Robichaud, who introduces the book, "the mission of the Acadian people in our Maritime Provinces will be to keep intact their spiritual and moral patrimony, to make the Christian and French spirit shine forth in the midst of compatriots of another religion and another language. It is in her history that young Acadia will imbibe the lessons of courage and devotion which she will need." *L'Acadie vivante* tells the story of Acadia from the days of the discoverers and pioneers to our own time and is intended for use in the schools. M. J.-B. Gingras, in his discourse *L'Acadie et nous*, deals with one point, and maintains that without unity of language among separated French groups "we should seek in vain to organize a French 'bloc' in America."

A member of the Historical Society of Montreal, M. René Caillaud, in his little book *Normandie, Poitou et Canada français*, discusses the contribution of these two French provinces to the population of New France and the formation of the French-Canadian people. M. Caillaud, who was born in Poitou, finds that many French-Canadian families, transplanted here some three hundred years ago, have kept the marks of their native soil. He recounts certain legends, Clovis, Blue Beard, Chasse-Gallery, for example, which were imported from Poitou and adapted to the peculiar conditions of a different country.

The historical fraternity known as "Les Dix" is ten years old. Three of the founders have passed on. *Les Cahiers*, Number 10, contains photographs of the present members. They occupy themselves with Canadian history, but more particularly with the history of Montreal. In Number 9, for example, there appear studies of Canada at the beginning of the nineteenth century, diseases among the Iroquois, the colonizers of New France in the eighteenth century, a chapter on Cavelier de la Salle and another on historical plaques affixed to walls in Montreal. In Number 10 M. A. Beaugrand-Champagne writes another chapter on the ancient Iroquois, their method of making war, their arms and fortifications; the Abbé Albert Tessier paints a picture of rural life in Quebec in 1800; M. Pierre-Georges Roy tells the true story of the Golden Dog, popularized by William Kirby's novel of that name.

Les grands Noms oubliés de notre histoire is a collection of popular talks given by Father Alphonse Fortin over the radio. Of the fifty names, covering a century and a half of Canadian history, some are obscure but certainly many of them are not forgotten: Louis Jolliet, Radisson, Lemoyne, La Vérendrye. What is interesting in the talks is the "design," which the orator indicates in his conclusion. It is to resuscitate figures which have vanished, to outline a general plan of Canadian history, to picture the life and actions of heroes who made the dream of the founders a reality and whose courage and constancy "constitute a most inspiring lesson of devotion to country."

Two numbers of *Les Cahiers reflets*, brochures of twenty-odd pages, present aspects of Canadian history: *La Guerre et l'amour au Canada d'autrefois*, by Robert de Roquebrune, and *Sir Wilfrid Laurier, précurseur de l'Entente cordiale*, by René Ristelhueber.

Mme Régine Hubert-Robert's *L'Epopée de la fourrure* is the history of a commodity—furs. It is the work of a traveller who has written many travel books and deals with explorers and well-known fur-trading companies: Cook, La Salle, La Vérendrye, the Hudson's Bay Company, and many others. *Sainte-Angèle de Laval* is another type of history, the history of a parish. The Abbé Elie-J. Auclair's historical *précis*, *La Chapelle de Notre-Dame de Pitié à l'église Sainte-Catherine de Montréal*, invites us to live according to the sense of our history by renewing our strength in our traditional devotions. M. Louis Bourgoin treats of the history of science. His *Histoire des sciences* is a collection of radio talks dealing with the notion of number, machines for measuring time, the history of the metric system, and alchemy. The author describes the achievements of the great scientists: Bacon, Palissy, Galileo, Newton, Lavoisier, Priestley, Franklin, and others. History and geography meet in M. Raymond Tanghe's new book, *Itinéraire canadien*. M. Tanghe is a professor of "human geography." History, he says, "serves him as a background against which the present aspect of the cities stands out." The subject of each of these radio talks is a Canadian city. M. Damase Potvin's two books, *Le Saint-Laurent et ses îles* and *Thomas* are not pure history; they savour of geography and natural history. M. Potvin is the story-teller of the Saguenay. The first of these new books recounts the history of the St. Lawrence and gives descriptions of the islands below Quebec. The second is the story of "the last of our *coureurs de bois*," Thomas Fortin, game-warden of St. Urbain, his adventures and his observations on animal life in the Laurentian Park, intended by the Quebec government as a reserve for the preservation of caribou. Mgr Gabriel Breynat's *Cinquante Ans au pays des neiges* is the "history of a vocation," memoirs of missionary life among the Indians and Eskimo in the Arctic. It is a story of cold and famine and epidemics; it is a description of the caribou, upon which these Arctic peoples depend for milk, leather, and meat; and it is the history of these "eaters of caribou," a family which comprises all the Indians of the Mackenzie basin.

VIII

With certain exceptions, for example *La Vie toute de grâce de Jeanne Mance* (Father Paul Desjardins) and *Le Rayonnement d'une vie obscure*, the story of Sister Marie de Saint-Roland, 1889-1943, all the biographies this year are of founders of religious orders. In some way or other they seem to be connected with that religious renaissance, that "intense life of national recollection" which followed the storms of 1837 and 1841, and of which M. Alphonse Desilets speaks in *Le Miracle de Saint-Damien:*

During a half-century in Lower Canada hundreds of new forces were seen to spring forth, religious, economic, educational, political, colonizing forces. In 1837, it is the arrival of the Frères des Ecoles Chrétiennes in Canada; in 1841 the arrival of the Pères Oblates; in 1843, the founding, at Longueuil, of the order of the Sœurs de Jésus et de Marie; in 1846, the establishment in the country of the Frères du Sacré-Cœur. Two orders were established at that time in our province which belong spiritually to the Saint-Damien foundations, the Clercs de Saint-Viateur at Joliette, in 1847, and, at Lévis in 1855, the Sœurs de Jésus-Marie who founded a provincial house at Sillery in 1870.

Mme Albertine Ferland-Angers, who is an historian, takes us back to the eighteenth century and the founding of the order of the Sisters of Charity of the General Hospital of Montreal, known as Grey Sisters, by the Venerable Mother d'Youville. The order is now split into six branches —some 6,500 religious in all. Sister Paul-Emile, in the first volume of her *Mère Elisabeth Bruyère et son œuvre*, studies the life and work of the foundress of the branch established at Ottawa and known as the Grey Sisters of the Cross. These sisters devote their time and energy to the poor.

The centenary of the Oblate Fathers in Canada was marked by several works. Among the first contingent of Oblate Fathers to arrive in 1841 was Father Telmon. He had taught Bible history in the seminary at Marseilles. Mgr Bourget installed him at Saint-Hilaire on the banks of the Richelieu, at the foot of Belœil. In France the Oblates had established orders of the Children of Mary, Sisters of the Holy Names, and they wished to popularize this custom in Canada. It was Father Telmon who first established the order in Canada, at Belœil. Eulalie Durocher, Mother Marie-Rose, whom the Abbé Tessier calls "a flower of the Richelieu," was named Superior. It is a teaching order. "Wherever they are sent they will open schools, they will teach children the truths of religion and the notions of human wisdom: reading, writing, mathematics, history, geography, domestic science, manual arts, music and painting."

Father P.-H. Barabé's *Une Pierre d'angle* is a biography of Mère Marie-Zita de Jésus, founder of the order of the "Servantes de Jésus-Marie," in 1895.

M. Alphonse Desilets' *Le Miracle de Saint-Damien* has a peculiar charm. It is the story of Joseph-Onésime Brousseau (1853-1920), founder of the order of Saint-Damien, a holy man remarkable for his simplicity and humility.

By birth and taste attracted to the simple life, the laborious and fruitful life of the fields, he wished that all those about him should be interested in the soil. He will bring men's hearts and minds back towards agriculture. He will preach reasonable colonization in view of a more easy rural existence, extended and perpetuated by inheritances acquired through labour and perseverance. The better to plant men in the native soil he will raise up apostles, robed agriculturalists, bound to their teaching mission by the practice of example and by regular vows. They will be the "Frères Agriculteurs de Notre-Dame-des-Champs."

Father André Legault's *Le Père Moreau* is a story of the trials and tribulations of Father Basile Moreau of Le Mans, founder of the order of the Holy Cross, which comprises some eight thousand religious in various countries.

IX

Only one travel book has come to our attention, *Le Mexique de mes souvenirs* by Mgr Olivier Maurault, who went to Mexico to attend the recent Eucharistic Congress. These chapters are addresses he has given before various audiences and are made up of impressions and information gleaned from books on Mexico. The author delights in the false analogy between Mexico and French Canada: "Catholicism *made* Mexico, as it *made* French Canada." He ends an address prepared for Mexicans with these words: "The French Canadian is the most Canadian of Canadians. . . . And if God continues to grant him fecundity, his children will cover all the Canadian soil . . . , leaving, of course, some place for those of others." There are, in the book, descriptions of Mexican villages, paragraphs on native crafts, Mexican sports, exciting automobile rides, a visit to a volcano at sunrise and pictures of the "incomparable grandeur" of the tropical landscape, but the author is mostly interested in the innumerable churches and the signs of "spiritual" life, by which he means religious life and the widespread charitable work of L'Action catholique. In one Mexican city there are as many churches as there are days in the year. But Mgr Maurault notes that there are few clergy, that they do not wear clerical costume in the streets, and that many churches and monasteries are now used as schools and museums. In other words, a revolution has been going on for some thirty years now in Mexico. But there is hardly a hint of it in Mgr Maurault's book—not even in the chapter entitled "Panorama spirituel du Mexique." There is a mood today in Mexico which is anything but an "evocation of a happy past." That mood is to be found, not in *Le Mexique de mes souvenirs*, but in the art of men like Ribera, whose murals are here described as "blasphemous images," and in the novels of men like Azuela and Lopez y Fuentes, who portray the tragic fate of Mexico's poor and cry out against the age-old injustices, the social conditions which condemn the tyrannical oppression of those in high places. There is no hint of this moment of anguish in Mgr Maurault's "souvenirs."

X

The remaining material consists mainly of theological treatises and works presenting various aspects of "Christian Sociology": *Soyons justes*, in two portly volumes, by Professor J.-B. Desrosiers of Montreal; *L'Etat de grâce*, by Father Marie-Antoine Roy; *Le Renoncement chrétien*, by Father Fernand Paradis; *L'Origine de l'âme humaine*, by the Abbé Robert Lacroix; *Le Promoteur de la justice dans les causes matrimoniales*, by the Abbé Léo de Guise; the eighth volume, entitled *L'Eglise*, of Father Léonce Boivin's *Le Combat social*. Father Yvon Charron's *Encyclique sur le corps mystique du Christ* gives the text of Pope Pius XII's encyclical *corporis mystici*, with an analysis and a commentary addressed to the masses of the faithful. In *Travail scientifique*, Father G. Yelle expresses his conviction that "the

knowledge and practice of the rules of scientific methodology will produce priests with a completely formed theological intelligence, participating fully in the intellectual life of the Church." Scientific treatises include: Dr. Lucien Royer's *Autour de l'Etre féminin*, on female physiology; Madame Georges Boudrias' *Hygiène familiale et sociale;* a treatise on genetics, *L'Hérédité et l'homme*, by Jacques Rousseau, professor at the Jardin Botanique, Montreal; a treatise on political science, or rather "Christian Sociology," *Initiation à la science politique*, by Professor J.-B. Gingras of Montreal. "Viriculture," says Dr. J.-A. Mireault in his book bearing that title, "embraces the whole field of education. It attempts to familiarize us with all the elements of instruction, then to incorporate them in the personality." In a curious bibliography, Dr. Mireault traces the route he has followed: "I have been amused with Rabelais; I have fenced with Montaigne; I have been disciplined by Descartes' Method. . . . Before folding back on St. Thomas, I have turned some pages of the *Encyclopédie*. . . . Alexis Carrel and Lecomte du Nouy have brought me back to the unity of the person." All these works present aspects of Christian Sociology inspired by the doctrine of integral humanism. The nature and aims of Catholic action, with special reference to Scout activities, are discussed in Professor Michel Doran's *L'Action catholique*. The Abbé Emile Lambert's talks collected in "*Causons, mes Amis, causons*" have the same end in view: a human and Christian formation through the Scout movement, corporatism, and avoidance of social evils. In Father Guy Schetagne's *Loisirs des jeunes* the same end is to be attained through games and exercises. These writers are no doubt inspired by the encyclical on the Christian education of the young, in which Pope Pius XI exhorted Christian leaders to "make use of everything truly good in the disciplines and methods of our times."

Other works include *La Vie et le sport sur la côte nord*, by M. N.-A. Comeau, an account of salmon fishing in the Gulf of St. Lawrence together with legends of the Montagnais and adventures in Labrador; and a guidebook to the professions, useful to vocational guiders, entitled *Orientations*, by Father M.-Alcantara Dion. M. Albert Lévesque's *Entrez donc* is a work of a different nature. M. Lévesque, author, editor and sociologist, has already published several books: *La Nation canadienne-française* (1934), *La Femme canadienne-française* (1936), and *Les Canadiens français, chez eux* (1937). It is this last book, an analysis of the collective physiognomy of the French Canadians, their religious spirit, their culture, manners and traditions, their political institutions, and their economic situation, which he continues in his latest work, but in a purely objective form: a form made up of statistics, maps, and diagrams.

CHECK-LIST OF TITLES

Action catholique, Notion de milieu (Québec, Edns. de l'Action catholique, 132 pp., 50c.). **Association canadienne-française pour l'avancement des sciences,** Annales de l'ACFAS: tome XI (Montréal, l'Association, secr. Jacques Rousseau, 4101 est,

rue Sherbrooke, 149 pp.). **Association des diplomés de Polytechnique,** Les ingénieurs de Polytechnique et le progrès du Québec (Montréal, l'Association, 1430, rue St-Denis, 112 pp.) **Aubry (Claude),** Miroirs déformants (Montréal, Fides, 207 pp., $1.00). **Auclair (Elie-J.),** La chapelle de Notre-Dame de Pitié à l'église Sainte-Catherine de Montréal: précis historique (Montréal, Impr. populaire, 16 pp.). **Auteuil (Marie-Louise d'),** Fanfan, Joujou et compagnie (Montréal, Libr. Granger Frères, 80 pp., 25c.). **Baillargeon (Pierre),** Les médisances de Claude Perrin (Montréal, Edns. Lucien Parizeau, 197 pp., $1.00). **Barabé (Paul-Henri),** Une pierre d'angle: Mère Marie-Zita de Jésus, fondatrice des Servantes de Jésus-Marie, 1865-1903; avec préface de S.E. le cardinal J.-M.-R. Villeneuve (Hull, Les Servantes de Jésus-Marie; Ottawa, Edns. de l'Université d'Ottawa, 311 pp., $1.00). **Barbeau (Marius)** et **Caron-Dupont (Juliette),** L'homme aux trois femmes (Montréal, Edns. Beauchemin, 52 pp., $1.25). **Belisle (Louis-A.),** Comment diriger une équipe (Québec, Belisle, Editeur, 4, rue St-Jacques, 72 pp., 25c.). **Benoit (Maurice),** Par toi, j'ai souffert: roman (Montréal, Edns. de l'Etoile, 40 pp., 40c.). **Benoit (Pierre),** Martine Juillet: fille du roi (Montréal, Fides, 323 pp., $1.25). **Benoit (Réal),** Nézon: contes; illustrés par Jacques de Tonnancour (Montréal, Edns. Lucien Parizeau, 129 pp., $1.00). **Bergeron (René),** Dictionnaire humoristique (Montréal, Fides, 164 pp., $1.00). **Bernard (Antoine),** L'Acadie vivante: histoire du peuple acadien de ses origines à nos jours (Montréal, Edns. du Devoir, 182 pp., $1.00). **Bernier (Jovette),** Mon deuil en rouge (Montréal, Edns. Serge Brousseau, 90 pp.). **Biron (Hervé),** Poudre d'or: roman (Montréal, Edns. Fernand Pilon, 191 pp., $1.25). **Blais (Philippe),** Le Christ-roi: I, La voie; illustrations de Jules Paquette (Rimouski, Impr. Blais, s.d., 34 pp.). **Boisseau (Lionel),** Mois de Marie à Notre-Dame du Rosaire de Fatima (Montréal, Fides, 163 pp., 75c.). **Boivin (Léonce),** Le combat social: au théâtre de la vie: tome VIII, L'Eglise (Les Eboulements, l'auteur, curé des Eboulements, xiv, 230 pp.). **Boudrias (Mme Georges),** Hygiène familiale et sociale: suivi des soins aux blessés et aux malades (Montréal, Ottawa, Edns. du Lévrier, 384 pp., $1.50). **Bourassa (Napoléon),** Jacques et Marie: souvenirs d'un peuple dispersé: I, Le départ de Grand-Pré; II, Le retour à Grand-Pré; III, La nuit rouge de Grand-Pré; IV, La petite Cadie; nouvelle édition d'après un exemplaire revu et corrigé par l'auteur, avec notes par Eugène Achard (Montréal, Libr. générale canadienne, 144 pp., 80c. le volume). **Bourgoin (Louis),** Histoire des sciences et de leurs applications: textes augmentés des causeries données au programme Radio-Collège, 1943-1944, poste CBF, Société Radio-Canada, Montréal (Montréal, Edns. de l'Arbre, 327 pp.). **Bousquet (Jean),** Notre-Dame du Rosaire de Fatima (Montréal, Centre dominicain, 96 pp., 25c.). **Branda (Jeanne-Louise)** [Marie Sylvia, *pseud.*], Reflets d'opales (Montréal, Edns. Bernard Valiquette, 219 pp., $1.25). **Breynat (Gabriel),** Cinquante ans au pays des neiges: I, Chez les mangeurs de caribou (Montréal, Fides, 347 pp., $1.50). **Brien (Ludger),** L'amour méconnu (Collection Gravures; Montréal, Messager canadien, 87 pp., 75c.). **Brunet (Berthelot),** Les hypocrites: roman: vol. I, La folle expérience de Philippe (Montréal, Edns. de l'Arbre, 240 pp., $1.25). **Brutto (Joseph-Pierre),** Ne bois pas d'alcool!; dessins de Georges Rhyn (Montréal, Libr. pédagogique, 350 est, rue Notre-Dame, 31 pp., 25c.). **Les Cahiers des Dix,** numéro neuf, 1944; numéro dix (Montréal, Edns. des Dix, 307 pp., 344 pp., $1.75 le numéro). **Cahiers reflets:** vol. I, no. 1, Les humanités classiques dans la société contemporaine: conférence prononcée à Trois Rivières le 6 janvier 1944, par Maurice Lebel; no. 2, Tagore et Gandhi, par Gabriel M. Lussier (29 pp.); no. 3, Aux sources de l'industrie américaine: les vieilles forges, par Albert Tessier (35 pp.); no. 4, Perspectives de l'avenir intellectuel de la France, par Auguste Viatte; no. 5, Le premier "oui," Robert E. Llewellyn; no. 6, La guerre et l'amour au Canada d'autrefois, par Robert de Roquebrune (31 pp.); no. 7, Sir Wilfrid Laurier: précurseur de l'Entente cordiale, par René Ristelhueber (24 pp.) (Trois Rivières, Cahiers reflets, 891, rue Ste-Angèle, 25c. le numéro). **Caillaud (René),** Normandie, Poitou et Canada français (Montréal, Fides, 121 pp., $1.25). **Canada, Departement des archives publiques,** Rapport pour l'année 1944, par Gustave Lanctot (Ottawa, Imprimeur de Sa Majesté le Roi, xlii, 152 pp., $1.00). **Le Canada ecclésiastique:** annuaire du clergé, 1945 (Montréal, Edns. Beauchemin, 1176 pp., $3.00). **Centre de psychologie et de péda-**

gogie, Les conférences pédagogiques: vol. I, no. 1, Individualisation et enseignement collectif, par le Rév. Frère RÉGIS-AIMÉ (16 pp.); no. 2, Une technique de travail individualisé: le plan de Dalton, par J.-D. DUCHARME (16 pp.); no. 3, La discipline au service de la personnalité, par NOËL MAILLOUX (20 pp.); no. 4, La réalisation d'un centre d'intérêt, par DOLORÈS LASALLE (16 pp.); no. 5, Accélération et enrichissement, par le Rév. Frère DOMINIQUE (16 pp.); no. 6, Les intérêts des enfants en lecture, par JEANNE ST-PIERRE (16 pp.); no. 7, Bibliothèques et éducation, par LÉO-PAUL DESROSIERS (16 pp.); no. 8, Un problème d'éducation: culture et utilitarisme, par L.-J. LEFEBVRE (12 pp.); no. 9, L'enseignement diagnostique en géographie, par PIERRE DAGENAIS (16 pp.); no. 10, La grammaire conditionnée, par JEAN-MARC CHEVRIER (16 pp.) (Montréal, Le Centre, 4803, rue Parthenais, 10c. le numéro). **Charbonneau (Robert),** Fontile: roman (Montréal, Edns. de l'Arbre, 201 pp., $1.25); Petits poèmes retrouvés (Montréal, Edns. de l'Arbre, 1943, 31 pp., 50c.). **Charron (Yvon),** Encyclique sur le corps mystique du Christ: analyse et commentaires (Montréal, Fides, 238 pp., $1.25). **Clément (Béatrice),** Sainte Bernadette de Lourdes; illustrations de MARIE LA MOTHE (Montréal, Libr. Granger Frères, 109 pp., 60c.). **Club musical et littéraire de Montréal,** Douze conférences: saison artistique 1944-1945; vol. V (Montréal, le Club, case postale 35, 266 pp.). **Coiteux (Ferdinand),** L'amour de Dieu dans l'âme séraphique: mes mardis à la radio, 2ième série (Montréal, Edns. Pax et Bonum, 127 pp.). **Comeau (Napoléon-A.),** La vie et le sport sur la côte nord du bas Saint-Laurent et du golfe: la pêche au saumon et la chasse à la trappe—légendes des Montagnais—récits d'aventures au Labrador; traduit de l'anglais par NAZAIRE LEVASSEUR (Québec, Edns. Garneau, 372 pp., $1.50). **Comité permanent de la survivance française en Amérique,** Radio-ouest-française, par PAUL-EMILE GOSSELIN (Pour survivre, vol. VII, no. 1; Québec, le Comité, Université Laval, 48 pp.). **Conseil supérieur de la coopération,** La paix par la coopération: sixième congrès général des coopérateurs (Québec, le Conseil, 320 pp.). **Contes et aventures,** première série: no. 1, Souvenirs de guerre, par A.-M. LEMOINE; no. 2, Quartier nord, par ALEC et GÉRARD PELLETIER; no. 3, La chèvre d'or, par GUY BOULIZON; no. 4, L'île de Jacques, par GUY BOULIZON; no. 5, Dix et un, par NOËL CHANTEPIE; no. 6, Les compagnons de la "pierre-qui-sonne," par JOËLLE (Montréal, Fides, 32 pp., 10c. la brochure). **Côté (Omer),** Mission de l'éditeur: discours de l'honorable Omer Côté, C.R., secrétaire de la province, à l'occasion de la réunion annuelle de la Société des éditeurs canadiens du livre français, Québec, 18 janvier 1945 (Montréal Edns. Serge, 16 pp.). **Couturier (M.-A.),** Marcel Parizeau: architecte (Collection Art vivant; Montréal, Edns. de l'Arbre, 28 pp.). **Couturier (M.-A.)** *et al.*, Fernand Léger: la forme humaine dans l'espace (Montréal, Edns. de l'Arbre, 98 pp., 38 pl., $3.00). **Couvent de Marie Réparatice, Montréal,** Réparatrice jusqu'au bout: Mère Marie de l'Agnus Dei (Marie-Anne Hervé-Bazin), religieuse de Marie Réparatrice, 1877-1901 (Montréal, le Couvent, 1025, boul. Mont-Royal, Outremont, 1944, 51 pp.). **Couvent de Marie Réparatrice, Trois-Rivières,** Le rayonnement d'une vie obscure: Sœur Marie de St-Roland, religieuse de la Société de Marie Réparatrice, 1889-1943 (Trois-Rivières, le Couvent, 865, rue St-Charles, 83 pp., 25c.). **Daviault (Pierre),** Histoires, légendes, destins (Montréal, Edns. Moderne, 243 pp., $1.50). **Desgranges (Jean),** Choc au cœur (Montréal, Edns. de l'Etoile, 91 pp.). **Desilets (Alphonse),** Le miracle de Saint-Damien: 1892-1944 (Montmagny, Qué., Edns. Marquis, 208 pp., $1.25). **Desjardins (Paul),** La vie toute de grâce de Jeanne Mance, fondatrice de l'Hôtel-Dieu de Montréal et première infirmière laïque (Montréal, Messager canadien, 190 pp., 75c.). **Desrosiers (J.-B.),** Soyons justes: tome I, Justice en général, justice sociale, justice distributive; tome II, Justice commutative, restitution, contrats (Montréal, Edns. de l'Institut Pie-XI, 449 pp., 520 pp., $4.50). **Dion (M.-Alcantara),** Orientations: vingt-six causeries sur les carrières prononcées à Radio-Collège au cours de l'année 1943-1944 (Montréal, Edns. Pax et Bonum, 271 pp., $1.25). **Doran (Michel),** L'Action catholique, nature et structures (Montréal, Ottawa, Edns. du Lévrier, 192 pp., $1.25). **Dubé (Rodolphe)** [François Hertel, *pseud.*], Nous ferons l'avenir (Montréal, Fides, 137 pp., 75c.); Cosmos: poèmes (Montréal, Edns. Serge Brousseau, 115 pp.). **Dufort (J.-Z.),** I, Taxe sur le revenu: obligatoire ou non?; II, Casuel: taxable ou

non?; III, Restriction mentale: licite ou non?; IV, Assertions assermentées aux douanes et au fisc: vrai serment ou engagement d'honneur? (Montréal, l'auteur, 6651, boul. Saint-Laurent, 38 pp., 35c.). **Dugré (Alexandre)**, Plaidoyer pour les jeunes (Collection Construire, no. 9; Montréal, Messager canadien, 12 pp., 5c.). **Duliani (Mario)**, La ville sans femmes (Montréal, Société des Edns. Pascal, 316 pp., $1.50). **Dupuy (Jacqueline)**, Il est un jardin . . . (Montréal, Variétés, 208 pp., $1.25). **Ecole sociale populaire,** Œuvre des tracts: no. 307, S. S. Pie XII et la papauté, par ALPHONSE FORTIN; no. 308, L'Ordre hospitalier de Saint-Jean-de-Dieu, par MAURICE RUEST; no. 310, Justice pour la Pologne, par LUCIEN LEFEBVRE et J. J. MCCANN; no. 311, Le Canada: son passé, son avenir, par THIBAUDEAU RINFRET; no. 314, Monseigneur François-Xavier Ross, premier évêque de Gaspé, par CAMILLE LE BEL; no. 316, Centenaire de la conversion du cardinal Newman, par ALEXANDRE DUGRÉ; no. 317, Faut-il continuer la lutte contre le communisme? (Montréal, Ecole sociale populaire, 16 pp., 10c. l'exemplaire); Publications mensuelles: nos. 373-374, Semaine nationale de la famille, 7-13 janvier 1945: compte rendu: articles, causeries, forums (64 pp.); no. 376, Catéchisme du civisme chrétien: II, Devoirs de l'électeur, par BONAVENTURE PÉLOQUIN (32 pp.); no. 378, La colonisation dans la province de Québec: rapport du comité d'étude, texte de la nouvelle loi, discours du ministre de la colonisation (32 pp.); no. 380, La cité nouvelle: l'habitation et ses problèmes; première série, en collaboration (32 pp.); no. 381, Le vingt-cinquième anniversaire des semaines sociales du Canada (32 pp.); no. 382, Culture de la liberté au foyer et à l'école, par M.-ALCANTARA DION (32 pp.); no. 383, La moralité publique: programme de moralisation pour les groupes d'Action catholique et les œuvres auxiliaires, par J.-P. ARCHAMBAULT; préface de M. le chanoine LAURENT MORIN (32 pp.) (Montréal, Ecole sociale populaire, 15c. l'exemplaire). **Editions Fides,** Guide des lectures et des bibliothèques, 1945 (Montréal, Fides, 86 pp., 35c.). **Faculté des sciences sociales de l'Université Laval,** Cahiers: vol. III, no. 8, Le marché du travail et les unions ouvrières, par JEAN-PIERRE DESPRÈS (32 pp.); no. 9, Nécessité d'une évolution du droit civil, par LOUIS-PHILIPPE PIGEON (24 pp.); no. 10, La fonction sociale de l'assurance sur la vie, par PAUL AUDET (24 pp.) (Québec, Secrétariat de la faculté (Edns. Cap Diamant), 2, rue de l'Université, 15c. le numéro). **Falardeau (Jean-Charles)**, Quelques épines du fédéralisme canadien; in Report of the Institute's twelfth annual study conference, at Kingston, on May 26 and 27, 1945 (Toronto, Canadian Institute of International Affairs, pp. 15-23, 30c.). **Ferland-Angers (Albertine)**, Mère d'Youville: Vénérable Marie-Marguerite du Frost de Lajemmerais veuve d'Youville, 1701-1771, fondatrice des Sœurs de la Charité de l'Hôpital-général de Montréal, dites Sœurs grises (Montréal, Edns. Beauchemin, 392 pp., $2.00). **Fortin (Alphonse)**, Les grands noms oubliés de notre histoire; 1ère série (Montréal, Fides, 286 pp., $2.00). **Frenette (F.-X.-Eugène)**, Notices biographiques et notes historiques sur le diocèse de Chicoutimi (Chicoutimi, l'auteur, 243 pp., $2.00). **Gagnon (Maurice)**, Sur un état actuel de la peinture canadienne (Montréal, Société des Edns. Pascal, 158 pp., $1.60). **Garneau (F.-X.)**, Histoire du Canada; 8e édition entièrement rev. et augm. par son petit-fils HECTOR GARNEAU: VI, De l'ancien régime au nouveau, l'acte de Québec, la révolution américaine; VII, La constitution de 1791, la guerre de 1812, la paix de Gand; VIII, La question des subsides, la crise de 1827, les quatre-vingt-douze résolutions (Montréal, Edns. de l'Arbre, 319 pp., 231 pp., 195 pp.). **Gauthier (Irenée)** [Jean-Pierre, *pseud.*], Le feu dans les roseaux: roman (Montréal, Edns. de la Jeunesse rurale, 501, rue Viger, 253 pp., $1.00). **Gédéon, Frère,** L'intelligence des relations spatiales: aptitude aux mathématiques et aux science (Bulletin no. 8 de l'Institut pédagogique Saint-Georges; Montréal, l'Institut, Université de Montréal, 109 pp., $1.00). **Genest (Adrien)**, Solution pratique et économique au problème de la circulation dans les grands centres métropolitains (Montréal, l'auteur, 8518, rue Henri-Julien, 45 pp., 60c.). **La gerbe:** almanach du Canada français (Montréal, Société Saint-Jean-Baptiste de Montréal, 160 pp., 25c.). **Gingras (Jules-Bernard)**, L'Acadie et nous (Montréal, Fides, 16 pp., 10c.); Initiation à la science politique (Montréal, Fides, 179 pp., $1.00); Pèlerinage haïtien (Montréal, Fides, 16 pp., 10c.). **Godbout (Léopold)**, Méthodes d'éducation populaire (Cahiers du Service extérieur d'éducation sociale, Faculté des sciences sociales, Université Laval, vol. IV, no. 1; Québec, le Service, 48 pp.,

15c.). **Grandbois (Alain)**, Avant le chaos (Montréal, Edns. Moderne, 203 pp., $1.25). **Grandgérard (Lucien)**, L'art de peindre (Montréal, Edns. Lucien Parizeau, 79 pp.). **Groulx (Lionel)**, Confiance et espoir (Collection franco-ontarienne, no. 1; Sudbury, Ont., Edns. de la Société historique du Nouvel-Ontario, Collège du Sacré-Cœur, 34 pp.). **Guèvremont (Germaine)**, Le survenant: roman (Montréal, Edns. Beauchemin, 263 pp., $1.25). **Guise (Léo de)**, Le promoteur de la justice dans les causes matrimoniales (Dissertationes ad gradum laureae in facultate juris canonici consequendum conscriptae, no. 8; Ottawa, Edns. de l'Université d'Ottawa, 1944, 335 pp., $3.00). **Guité (Gérard)**, A pleines voiles: cinq ans de coopération chez les pêcheurs (Gaspé, Qué., Pêcheurs-unis de Québec, 1944, 32 pp.). **Hamel (Philippe)**, Les abus du capitalisme (Montréal, Impr. populaire, 16 pp.) **Hartex (Pierre)**, Nora, l'enigmatique (Montréal, Société des Edns. Pascal, 150 pp., 65c.). **Hébert (Casimir)**, La fête éternelle: poème divin en trois audiences (Montréal, Edns. Edouard Garand, 138 pp., $1.50). **Hertel (François)**, *see* DUBÉ (RODOLPHE). **Houlé (Léopold)**, L'histoire du théâtre au Canada: pour un retour aux classiques (Montréal, Fides, 173 pp., $1.00). **Hubert-Robert (Régine)**, L'épopée de la fourrure (Montréal, Edns. de l'Arbre, 275 pp., $2.00). **Jean-Baptiste, Sœur,** Pour mieux servir Dieu: méditations et lectures appropriées à la vie religieuse, par l'auteur de *La foi en l'amour de Dieu* (Montréal, Providence Maison-Mère, 318 pp.). **Jean-Pierre,** *see* GAUTHIER (IRENÉE). **Jeunesse agricole catholique,** La J.A.C. en action (Pour construire, no. 1; Québec, Centre diocésain d'Action catholique, 3, boul. Charest, 72 pp., 25c.). **Joseph-Arthur, Sœur,** L'art dans Saint Augustin (2 tomes; Montréal, Fides, 292 pp., 255 pp., $4.00). **Klinck (G. A.)** éd., Allons gai!: a topical anthology of French Canadian prose and verse; with a foreword by LORNE PIERCE (Toronto, Ryerson, x, 154 pp., 90c.). **Laberge (Dominique)**, Anarchie dans l'art (Montréal, Edns. Fernand Pilon, 189 pp., $1.50). **Labrecque (Cyrille)**, Consultations théologiques (Québec, Edns. de l'Action catholique, 680 pp., $3.00). **Lacasse (Arthur)**, L'heure du souvenir (Québec, Impr. franciscaine missionnaire, xiv, 242 pp., $1.00). **Lacroix (Robert)**, L'origine de l'âme humaine; en appendice: Le moment de l'infusion de l'âme raisonnable (Ottawa, Edns. de l'Université d'Ottawa; Québec, Edns. de l'Action catholique, 157 pp., $1.00). **Lafleur-Hétu (Ruth)**, Le conte des sept glaives (Montréal, Ottawa, Edns. du Lévrier, 103 pp., $1.25). **Laforce (Louise)**, Papillons roses . . . papillons bleus (Montréal, Edns. Edouard Garand, 176 pp., $1.00). **Lafrance (Robert)**, L'irréele: roman (Montréal, Edns. de l'Arbre, 1944, 274 pp., $1.50). **Lamarche (Gustave)**, Les Gracques: tragédie romaine (Joliette, Qué., Edns. des Paraboliers du Roi, 50, boul. Querbes, xii, 129 pp., 65c.). **Lambert (Emile)**, "Causons, mes amis, causons": recueil de trente causeries (Montréal, Libr. Granger Frères, 219 pp., 75c.). **Langlois (Gérard)**, L'ordre des Knights of Columbus: ses origines, ses méthodes, ses œuvres (Québec, l'abbé Ed.-V. Lavergne, 160, ave. Murray, 64 pp., 35c.). **L'Archevêque (Paul)**, Epreuve collective d'habileté mentale générale: formes A et B (Bulletin no. 7 de l'Institut pédagogique Saint-Georges; Montréal, l'Institut, Université de Montréal, 1944, 90 pp., $1.00). **L'Archevêque-Duguay (Jeanne)**, Fleurs vivantes (Les beaux albums Tavi, no. 5; Montréal, Fides, 48 pp., 25c.). **Laurence (Jean-Marie)**, Notes méthodologiques sur l'enseignement du français (Montréal, Edns. du Centre de psychologie et de pédagogie, 148 pp., $1.00). **Laurent (Laval)**, Québec et l'Eglise aux Etats-Unis sous Mgr Briand et Mgr Plessis; préface de S. E. le cardinal J.-M.-R. VILLENEUVE (Montréal, Libr. St-François, xxviii, 258 pp., $1.50). **Laurin (J. E.)**, Histoire économique de Montréal et des cités et villes du Québec (Montréal, Edns. J. E. Laurin, 253 est, rue Ste-Catherine, 287 pp., $10.00). **Leclerc (Félix)**, Andante (poèmes); dessin de la couverture par HENRI BEAULAC (Montréal, Fides, 1944, 160 pp., $1.00). **Ledit (Joseph)**, Le silence de Marie: quatorze causeries prononcées à l'heure catholique du poste CKAC (Collection Service de Dieu, no. 8; Montréal, Messager canadien, 142 pp.). **Legault (André)**, Le Père Moreau, 1799-1873, fondateur des religieux et des religieuses de Sainte-Croix (Montréal, Fides, 188 pp., $1.00). **Legault (Rolland)**, La rançon de la cognée: roman (Montréal, Edns. Lumen, 199 pp., 75c.). **Léopold, Frère,** Les cours d'été de l'Université Saint-Joseph (Memramcook), 1938-1944: étude objective de l'aspect professionnel

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V. NEW-CANADIAN LETTERS: WATSON KIRKCONNELL

The chief New-Canadian contribution to scholarship during the past year has been an annotated edition of the poetry of Taras Shevchenko (1814-61), the most gifted of all Ukrainian writers, prepared by Mr. Honoré Ewach of Winnipeg. Mr. Ewach, a graduate of the University of Saskatchewan, is an active journalist; but his best energies have been given to a study of the history and literature of the Ukraine. The present volume, published by a Ukrainian-Canadian group that calls itself "Culture and Education," is a most creditable performance and is all the more valuable to the Ukrainian community here because the vicissitudes undergone by the publishing business in Europe have made books from overseas almost unobtainable. Canadians who are prepared to learn Ukrainian in order to read Shevchenko will find in him a spirit akin to that of Burns in his more fiery and patriotic moods.

Even more significant, could it be claimed categorically for Canada, is the collected edition of the *Songs and Poems* of the late Kristján Níels Júlíus (1859-1936), edited by Professor Richard Beck of the University of North Dakota. Since both the poet and the editor of this definitive edition were at one time residents of Winnipeg, and since, moreover, the Dakota colony is largely a southward overflow of the Icelandic community in Manitoba and joins annually in many of its communal celebrations, we may be justified in including the volume in the present survey. Within its covers are 673 poems, about half of them already published in an earlier volume, *Kvidlingar* (1920), and the other half appearing now for the first time. "Káinn," as the poet was familiarly called, excelled in dedicatory stanzas, in verses for special occasions and in epigrams. He knew personally nearly all the leading Icelanders in the United States and Canada, and verses addressed to them are copiously included in the present collection. As a sample of his epigrams, one may quote in translation the following lines, written after he had burned an old, badly-torn copy of the Bible:

> Into the kitchen fire I poke
> The Bible for cremation.
> "God gives, and takes away," I croak.
> But the Devil cries out, "Holy Smoke!"
> Mute is my meditation.

The editing of the texts has been carried out by Professor Beck with skill and scrupulous care. The same tribute should be paid to his editorship of the Icelandic *Almanak*, a Winnipeg annual largely devoted to historical research into pioneer settlement.

Of marked merit in the field of scholarly translation has been an English verse rendering, by Alex. Welikotny and C. E. L'Ami of Winnipeg, of the long romantic poem, *Mtsyri* ("The Novice"), from the Russian of Mikhail Yurevich Lermontov (1814-41). This was published in the *American Slavic and East European Review* (Vol. IV, 1945, Nos. 8-9, pp. 93-110).

Two substantial volumes of fiction have been published in 1945 by the Ukrainian-Canadians. Elias Kiriak has now brought out a third instalment of his large-scale *Sons of the Soil* (now approaching 1,000 pages in length), a saga of the Ukrainian settlements in the Canadian West. The third volume is supplemented by a map of the little Alberta community—nine miles by six—where the settlers are spread out along Poshtar's Creek and Wakar's Pond, with two churches, two schools and a community hall. Unpretentious as to style, Mr. Kiriak's lengthy work nevertheless provides a full and valuable record of the adjustment of Ukrainian pioneers to life in a new land. Completely different in tone and setting is Alexander Luhowy's *Dark Clouds from beyond the Pripet River*, an historical novel of the period of the Ukrainian-Lithuanian war in 1649. His model is perhaps the historical novels of Sienkiewicz, but his inspiration is Ukrainian, not Polish, and is full of the zeal of Ukrainian nationalism.

Published in English, but motivated by interest in the Ukrainian role in Canadian life, is *Canadians of Ukrainian Origin*, an extensive statistical study by N. J. Hunchak, of Winnipeg, based on the federal census of 1941. Stress is laid on the fact that the 305,929 Ukrainians in Canada constitute the fourth largest racial group in the Dominion, after the Anglo-Saxons, the French and the Germans, and that 65.2 per cent of them are now Canadian-born.

Two prolific Mennonite authors, the Rev. Dr. Jacob H. Janzen of Waterloo, Ontario, and a Saskatchewan farmer, Peter J. Klassen, supply the 1945 book crop in German. Dr. Janzen's two longer works are biographical. *Wanderndes Volk* is the first volume of the story of a Mennonite family from the first settlement of the village of Petershagen in southern Russia in 1805 down to their presence in Canada in our own times. The family is really one of which the author's own immediate ancestors are a branch; and their experiences are typical of the whole Mennonite migration, first to Russia and later to Canada. In *Tales from Mennonite History*, Dr. Janzen gives some rather simple stories, chiefly from the life of Menno Simons (1496-1561), who established the Mennonite sect on Anabaptist foundations. Peter J. Klassen's third volume of *Der Peet* reveals that these stirring tales of a sort of Peck's Bad Boy (very mild model) in a Russian-Mennonite community fifty years ago are really reminiscences of his own unregenerate childhood seen through the rosy mists of the past.

With the third large volume of his monumental *History of the Icelanders in America*, Thorsteinn Th. Thorsteinsson comes at last to the major settlements in Canada, on the west shore of Lake Winnipeg. Here is a territory, known officially for some years after 1875 as "New Iceland," which has been the warm heart of Icelandic colonization on this continent. The chapters of Volume III may be listed as follows: Chapter I: The first year, including an honour-roll of the 56 first pioneers. Chapter II: The immigration and the smallpox, describing both the general influx of settlers and the fearful epidemic of smallpox that swept through the colony in 1876-77. The same chapter includes a famous address of welcome to the

Icelanders, delivered by the Governor-General, Lord Dufferin. Chapter III: The constitution of New Iceland. Chapter IV: Congregations, schools, *Framfari*—a summary of the early church life, school life, and community journalism. Chapter V: Farming and removals. Chapter VI: Roster of farmers from 1875 to 1890. This single chapter, 208 pages in length, lists the hundreds of settlers of the district, with their wives and children, supplying a permanent record—a sort of *Landnámabók*, or Book of Settlement—for the Icelandic migration. Chapter VII: Concerning Gimli and fishing, showing how the ancestral trade of fishing has reasserted itself in the great fishing fleet of Lake Winnipeg. Mr. Thorsteinsson and the committee that has helped to finance his big venture have deserved well of the Icelandic-Canadian community and of their children in years hereafter. The same cannot be said for his other volume, *The Bear from the White Sea Coast*, whose adulation of Soviet Russia arises from the rapturous propaganda nonsense that became epidemic after June 22, 1941.

Nothing but praise can be found for *Iceland's Thousand Years*, a symposium of thirteen lectures on Icelandic literature and history, edited by Professor Skuli Johnson and published under the auspices of the Icelandic Canadian Club and the Icelandic National League. These are solid yet eloquent discourses in the best tradition of this very intellectual community. The contributors and their subjects are: Ingibjörg Jónsson, "A Geographical Sketch of Iceland" and "The Colonization of Greenland and the Discovery of America"; Rev. V. J. Eylands, "The Colonization of Iceland" and "Hallgrímur Pétursson"; Dr. Richard Beck, "The Classical Literature of Iceland" and "The Period of Awakening and Enlightenment"; Rev. H. E. Johnson, "The Old Icelandic Republic" and "Snorri Sturlason"; Rev. P. M. Pétursson, "The Introduction of Christianity"; Steina J. Sommerville, "The Sturlunga Age"; Holmfridur Danielsson, "The Dark Ages in Iceland"; Professor Skuli Johnson, "Icelandic Literature of the Nineteenth Century"; and Captain W. Kristjansson, "Freedom and Progress." Icelandic-Canadian scholarship is also generously represented in the 1945 annual *Tímarit*, edited by Gísli Jónsson for the Icelandic National League. Notable among the literary studies are Richard Beck's essay on the poet Davíd Stefánsson, Stefán Einarsson's sketch of Kristmann Gudmundsson, and J. P. Pálsson's tribute to the life and work of the late Jóhann Magnús Bjarnason. There is also superior poetry by Thorodd Gudmundsson, S. E. Björnsson, S. B. Benediktsson, Magnús Markússon, and Ragnar Stefánsson.

CHECK-LIST OF TITLES

Beck (Richard) ed., Kristján N. Júliús, Kvidlingar og kvaedi (Icel. "Songs and Poems" of K. N. Júliús, Reykjavik, Bókfellsútgáfan H. F., 312 pp.). **Ewach (Honoré)**, ed., *Kobzar* Tarasa Shevchenka (Ukr. "The *Kobzar* of Taras Shevchenko," Winnipeg, "Culture and Education," P.O. Box 3113, 192 pp.). **Hunchak (N. J.)**, Canadians of Ukrainian origin: series no. 1, Population (Winnipeg, Ukrainian Canadian Committee, 164 pp., $1.00). **Janzen (J. H.)**, Wanderndes Volk (Ger. "Wandering people," Water-

loo, Ont., privately printed, 100 pp.); Tales from Mennonite history (Waterloo, privately printed, 96 pp.); Die Lehre von der Allerlösung, oder der Wiederbringung aller Dinge (Ger. "The doctrine of the redemption of all, or the restoration of all things," Waterloo, privately printed, 24 pp.); Kurzgefaszte Bibelkunde (Ger. "Compendium of biblical knowledge," Waterloo, privately printed, 36 pp.). **Johnson (Skuli)** ed., Iceland's thousand years (Winnipeg, the Icelandic Canadian Club and the Icelandic National League, 169 pp.). **Jónsson (Gisli)** ed., Timarit Thjódraeknisfjelags Íslendinga, XXVII Á (Icel. "Annual of the Icelandic National League," Winnipeg, the League, 140 pp.). **Kiriak (Elias)**, Syny Zemli, tom III (Ukr. "Sons of the soil," vol. III, Edmonton, Institute Press, 348 pp.). **Klassen (P. J.)**, Der Peet, drittes Buch (Ger. "Pete," vol. III, Superb, Sask., privately printed, 100 pp.). **Luhowy (A.)**, Chorni Khmary izza Prypiaty, istorychna povist' z chasiv Khmel'nychchyry (Ukr. "Dark clouds from beyond the Pripet River: an historical novel from the times of Khmelnitsky," Edmonton, Alberta Printing Co., 165 pp., $1.50). **Thorsteinsson (Th. Th.)**, Saga Íslendinga Í Vesturheimi, thridja bindi (Icel. "History of the Icelanders in America," vol. III, Winnipeg, Icelandic National League, 407 pp.); Björninn úr Bjarmalandi (Icel. "The bear from the White Sea coast," Winnipeg, Columbia Press, 183 pp.).

PINDAR*

W. D. WOODHEAD

"Poetry," says A. E. Housman, "is not the thing said but a way of saying it." The truth of this statement may best be witnessed by those who have studied the attempts of even the most successful of translators to render the masterpieces of another literature in their own language. A challenging and difficult task at all times, it becomes well-nigh impossible with a poet so strong of wing, so soaring in flight as Pindar. Cowley's dictum that "if a man should attempt to translate Pindar literally, it would be thought that one madman had translated another" is a rueful admission of a truth understood by all who have read Pindar in the original Greek. But it is not even enough to see our poet in cold print: perhaps above any other poet, he must be heard. Poetry, as all good Greeks knew, is music: and even with our imperfect knowledge of ancient Greek pronunciation we can still catch some of the splendour when we hear that "majestic organ-playing" and submit ourselves to "the grave strong magic of the language, the lightning-flashes of half-revealed mystery" to which Sir Gilbert Murray bears such eloquent testimony.

The task of translating Pindar, then, in such a way as to give a true conception of his strange genius is beyond possibility. The poet, proudly conscious of his inspired gifts, compares himself more than once to an eagle —and to overtake and tame an eagle is a hazardous adventure. But lovers of his work are ever eager to find those who share their admiration; and Gilbert Norwood's book is a welcome companion to such devotees, for he writes with real enthusiasm, and his knowledge is the fruit of close and prolonged study.

The second chapter of his work records the number of different forms of choral lyric in which the poet composed, each form being illustrated by some lovely fragment preserved through the accident of quotation. But the main concern of the lectures is naturally the *Epinician* or *Victory Odes*, which have fortunately survived almost completely, odes which celebrate the successes of victors in the four great athletic festivals of Greece, the Olympian, Pythian, Isthmian, and Nemean. These festivals were religious celebrations in which the leading athletes of Greece competed with their bodies, the leading princes with their horses and chariots, to render to the presiding god the finest tribute of which they were capable. And though the little Greek states were almost continuously at war with each other, all hostilities ceased and the truce of God was proclaimed while competitors and spectators flocked from the various cities to participate in this act of worship. The victors in the different events brought distinction to their native cities as well as to themselves and their families; and their triumphs were commemorated in some cases by statues, in some by official poems

**Pindar: The Sather Classical Lectures.* By GILBERT NORWOOD. Berkeley and Los Angeles: University of California Press [Toronto: Clarke, Irwin]. 1945. Pp. 302. ($2.50)

commissioned for the purpose, and written by the greatest poets of Greece. It is necessary to emphasize some of these aspects of the great athletic festivals of ancient Greece in order to explain why the *Epinician Odes* of Pindar are so dominated by religion. Being a Greek, our poet is naturally impressed by the heroic potentialities of man. "Success in the games," as Norwood says, "is good because it proves quality, perseverance, and Heaven's favour; because it gives a man glory, because it therefore sheds glory upon his city, and because it reasserts and proves man's kinship with the gods. Pindar's own task was not so much to be the teacher of Greece as to be the prophet of human greatness—of a tradition that was accepted, indeed, by the society whose culture he shared, but had never been so eloquently proclaimed."

It is this conception of man's relation to the gods that dictates the form assumed by most of the *Epinician Odes*. There are no exciting descriptions of the contests themselves. The victor is praised and congratulated, together with the family and city that share his renown; occasionally a few moral maxims find a place in the poems; but the central portion of each ode generally consists of a myth which, in Norwood's words, "is never a mere ornament added to a poem that could have dispensed with it, but a vital element in the presentation of what lies next to Pindar's heart: it stands like a magnificent mirror wherein the athlete of yesterday finds his deeds and his temper reproduced on the grand scale by Achilles, Telamon, and Heracles." The opening of many of the odes is splendid; for Pindar, who in one of his most exquisite poems compares the triumphal ode to a stately building, insists that the porch must be a thing of beauty. References to the victor, his family and city follow, and are resumed toward the end of the poem, which usually closes with a prayer. But it is the myth, the myth and the splendid opening, that abide in the reader's memory. The effect produced originally by each work as a whole can be captured by no effort of the imagination, for we cannot picture now the grouping of the singers, or hear the music to which they sang those lovely words. But the poetry of the myths is superb, and it is upon the poetry that Norwood concentrates his attention.

That Pindar was a poet and nothing else is a point insisted upon by both Sir Gilbert Murray and Professor Norwood. Admirers with more enthusiasm than judgment have professed to find in his work a complete system of morals, a philosophical outlook, a didactic purpose, to which Pindar was an utter stranger. But Norwood is never blinded by his admiration. By birth and tradition, as he recognizes, our poet was an aristocrat "devoted to the ideals and method of life followed by that old nobility to which he himself belonged." In a world which was rapidly shifting toward the democratic ideal he stood aloof, the last of his line to proclaim "the divine right of aristocracy." But his beliefs are intuitive: he reveals no powers of logic, no consciousness that the world is moving and that he must move with it. Only sentimentalists can find in him a reasoned philosophy; and Norwood successfully explodes the notion that Pindar was a systematic thinker, teacher, and moralist.

It is the poetry alone, then, that matters. Norwood carefully studies the poet's method of presenting his myths and the qualities of his poetic style. "When relating a myth, he offers us, not a narrative in the normal manner, but a series of pictures." This is the feature of Pindar's method which most appeals to his readers. Chronological order means little to him, as Norwood's admirable analysis of the great Fourth Pythian Ode reveals (pp. 36-43). The pictures are flashed before us with a vivid brilliance intoxicating in effect. Gorgeousness of colour blends with perfection of rhythm and melody of diction to produce poetry which has never been surpassed. The metres in which Pindar composed are the subject of a brief appendix full of good sense and understanding; they are a fitting vehicle for such beauty.

It is the isolated pictures so fresh and radiant that remain with us. The odes themselves are often disconcerting in the abruptness of their transitions, the apparent irrelevance of their digressions, and the sudden intrusion of the personal note. These difficulties have long perplexed the poet's readers; and it is to explain them that Norwood puts forward a new theory, the theory of symbolism. Throughout such poems, he insists, we can find our way, if we can catch the constantly recurring symbol which binds each into unity. The symbol of the First Pythian Ode, for instance, is the lyre which is apostrophized in the first line. It is in the poet's mind throughout, and if the reader also will keep it in his, then much that is obscure will be illuminated. In a detailed analysis Norwood identifies the symbols which are to prove the clue to the proper understanding of many of the poems.

The theory is interesting and deserves far more space for consideration than the limits of this review will admit. The author undoubtedly makes out a good case for this novel method of interpretation. But many who accept the theory in its broad outlines will feel that he pursues it to hazardous lengths. Granted, for example, that the idea of "duality" helps to interpret the Sixth Olympian Ode, it need not be pressed, as it is on page 127, to demand two speeches from Adrastus where the poet records but one. This is only one of many instances in which the author seems, in Pindar's words, to "pass from Cadiz towards the darkness." Nor will many follow him when he denies to Pindar the Third and Fourth Isthmian Odes. But though the author must expect disagreement on certain points, he has rendered to lovers of Pindar a service for which they will be sincerely grateful. The book is well printed and mistakes are few. There is a line in the middle of page 88 which has trespassed from some other place and should be removed.

BIGOT[1]

ERNEST SIRLUCK

The object of Mr. Ingersoll's book is abundantly clear: it is to persuade Americans of the mortal danger of supporting British foreign policy. "During the war," he writes (the whole paragraph is in italics), "the British attempted to manipulate our military policy so that we would fight the war the way they wanted it fought—which was an anti-Russian way. They did not succeed. Now, with equal determination, they are attempting to manipulate American foreign policy to link our future irretrievably with theirs. If they succeed, and if there is a third world war, we will surely fight it for them—against the Russians" (p. 356).

But although Mr. Ingersoll's object can be readily defined, it cannot profitably be discussed, for it is one of the chief curiosities of this very curious book that its main tenet is supported not by direct argument but wholly by implication. Mr. Ingersoll's method is to examine Britain's conduct of the war (more exactly, of Operation OVERLORD, the France-Germany operation of 6 June 44 to 7 May 45), derive therefrom certain conclusions about her intentions, and from these conclusions deduce her current foreign policy. What does lend itself to review, therefore, is Mr. Ingersoll's examination of Britain's conduct of the war.

Here too Mr. Ingersoll is clear and unambiguous. His view resolves itself into two propositions: first, that Britain was determined to prevent the cross-Channel operation and mount a Mediterranean-Balkan effort instead, because, while she recognized that the former would win the war more quickly and economically, she was determined to prevent Russian influence from penetrating the Balkans (pp. 3-83, especially 52 ff.); secondly, that when events and the headquarters to which Mr. Ingersoll was attached had made OVERLORD inevitable, Britain was determined to prevent it from taking the purely military route through Frankfurt and to direct it instead along the political (i.e., anti-Russian) route through Hamburg and Berlin, accepting the additional cost with composure, since the expenditure would be largely American (pp. 147-328, especially 184-228 and 285 ff.).

If the reader wonders how such facts about the war as are generally known can be made to "support" these conclusions, his attention may be drawn to Mr. Ingersoll's masterly skill in the use of half-truths. An example of the method may be illuminating. Mr. Ingersoll is concerned to demonstrate that the British, whose Intelligence organization gave them a "monopoly" on information about the enemy, used this monopoly in repeated attempts to sabotage OVERLORD. He illustrates:

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[1] *Top Secret*. By RALPH INGERSOLL. New York: Harcourt, Brace and Co. [Toronto: MacLeod]. 1946. Pp. 373. ($3.75)

In military terminology "Bigot" indicates the highest grade of secrecy; in this sense it appears in Mr. Ingersoll's book and is applicable to a good deal of his subject-matter. Whether the dictionary meaning of the word is applicable to Mr. Ingersoll the reader will determine for himself.

> One of the COSSAC[2] planners' greatest contributions to military archives was a monster plan known as RANKIN. RANKIN was a plan for movement into Germany in the event of sudden collapse. One month after the final decision to cross the Channel had been made in Washington, COSSAC planners put on paper the statement—based, of course, exclusively on British Intelligence—that so near was Germany's collapse that RANKIN should have priority over OVERLORD for their attention. (P. 72.)

To discuss the assumptions behind this typical statement—the assumption that the British actually enjoyed a monopoly of information about the enemy (i.e., that the American organizations for air reconnaissance, economic research, wireless interception, prisoner of war interrogation, undercover operations, etc., were in fact useless), and the further assumption that although the clearing-house for this information was an Anglo-American headquarters, the British were nevertheless not only willing but able to falsify it—would be to deal with the controversial. But the statement itself purports to be factual. Certain questions of fact may therefore be raised: (1) Why was a plan developed for movement into Germany in the event of a sudden collapse? (2) With whom was it given priority, and why? (3) Over what was it given priority?

The answers, very briefly, are these. (1) When you plan a *final* campaign you are planning to win the war. Before you can win, the enemy must collapse. It will make a great difference to your preparations whether you must wrest the enemy's homeland from him acre by acre, or whether, when you get past his borders, he collapses everywhere at once. But these preparations must be made in advance, or you will inherit chaos. You must therefore decide in advance for which eventuality you will prepare. COSSAC (an Anglo-American, not a British, headquarters) reckoned that the enemy would contest our advance towards Germany with all his strength, so that by the time we actually arrived there we would have had to destroy his striking forces, and he would then collapse everywhere at once. How different this is from saying that the enemy on his own was ready to collapse need not be pointed out, but it might be mentioned that the event confirmed COSSAC's appreciation, and that the first phase of our occupation of Germany was in fact based upon RANKIN (in the adapted form known as ECLIPSE). (2) RANKIN was given priority with (British) Second Army and First Canadian Army, to whom it was relinquished by 21 Army Group. For the significance of this to become clear it will be enough to point out that 21 Army Group had originally undertaken to work on RANKIN until such time as COSSAC would be ready to hand down OVERLORD for detailed staff work. When 21 Army Group did receive OVERLORD, it handed the partially completed plan for the occupation down to its constituent armies for further work, while it occupied itself with the more urgent plan for the invasion. (3) RANKIN was given priority over next to nothing. A division is a substantially fixed formation, and can to a considerable extent prepare for battle without knowing its exact employment. But an army is a highly variable formation which is always organized to fight a particular campaign. It is

[2]Chief of Staff to the Supreme Allied Commander.

therefore unable to advance beyond basic organization, equipment, and training until its employment is fixed. In the planning of every operation, therefore, there is a phase during which an army headquarters does nothing of consequence. In the present instance, this phase was the period before 21 Army Group was ready to send down OVERLORD. It was during this period that Second Army and Canadian Army were asked to work on RANKIN.

Mr. Ingersoll's conclusion is that the British brought RANKIN forward as an alternative to OVERLORD, at the same time falsifying information to make it appear that Germany would collapse without an invasion of the Continent. The fact is that both the British and the Americans regarded RANKIN simply as the final phase of OVERLORD, which (like every other phase) needed to be planned in advance.

The discussion of RANKIN is in itself of no importance. What is important is that the method by which Mr. Ingersoll has in this instance made a series of half-truths lead to a wholly false conclusion about British intentions is the method of his whole book.

With this method in mind, we may turn to the argument by which Mr. Ingersoll reaches the first of his two major conclusions about British conduct of the war: the determination to substitute a Mediterranean for a cross-Channel operation. There is no analysis, but there is a series of steps which may be briefly summarized. The headquarters to which Mr. Ingersoll belonged came to England in June, 1943, with the task of establishing the command for the American forces in the forthcoming cross-Channel operation. After settling down and beginning his portion of the work, Mr. Ingersoll gradually came to realize that the task of his headquarters was being hampered by British inertia. "Striking out into its inertia was like driving your fist into a punching bag of wet manure: it gave a little, it swayed gently—but when your fist came away, its shape filled out again and it was as if it had not been touched. Only you felt soiled" (p. 12). But the British are not an inert people. It therefore became obvious that the trouble "was clearly a disinclination to co-operate with us" (p. 12). As time went by, Mr. Ingersoll was slowly and reluctantly forced into the realization that the British had evolved eight standard techniques to frustrate his headquarters (pp. 12-17). These suspicions were confirmed when, at long last (i.e., in July, the month after Mr. Ingersoll's arrival), COSSAC delivered the outline plan for OVERLORD. This plan, it was clear to Mr. Ingersoll, was the result of defeatism, and worse, for it listed an excessive number of conditions for success. (Mr. Ingersoll mentions four weather and three military conditions.) "If all these conditions could be met simultaneously, the OVERLORD planners conceded that it *might* be done.... Reading these qualifications, the Johnnies-Come-Lately were appalled. If this plan were approved as written, it would be easy to bring about a situation in which it *could not* be executed—in fact overt sabotage actually seemed unnecessary" (p. 24).

But the plan was approved (by the Quebec Conference of August, 1943), and Mr. Ingersoll's headquarters was left with the task of trying to materialize it. If more proof were needed that the British were determined to prevent it from materializing, the following facts would furnish it: (1) As late as September, COSSAC refused to specify the technique of assault. This obstruction had to be overcome by Colonel Paul Thompson, at whose Assault Training Centre American officers determined not to use Commando tactics but to go in by daylight with the support of overwhelming firepower (pp. 38 ff.). (2) Supplies were still going to the Mediterranean (p. 43).

This is enough to enable Mr. Ingersoll to define the conflict between British and American war aims.

> The United States of America . . . sought to destroy the armed forces of the enemy in the shortest possible time, by the most direct route, with only reasonable regard for risk to life and limb and no regard whatever for the expenditure of material resources . . . [or] for political considerations. . . . The British Empire also sought to destroy the armed forces of the Axis—but only by the employment of such strategy as would best further the highly complex economic and political interests of the British Empire. . . . As the focus narrowed to the European sphere, the conflict between British and American objectives was seen to be primarily a conflict over whether the principal road into Europe should be via the Mediterranean or across the English Channel. (Pp. 55-6.)

Mr. Ingersoll sees the history of this conflict as a "monotonous repetition." At each Roosevelt-Churchill conference it would be agreed to use the cross-Channel route; after each conference adjourned, the British would smuggle in a Mediterranean effort. For example:

> Early in 1942, the Chiefs of State agreed that a trans-Channel invasion should be mounted that fall. . . . But the build-up of troops and landing craft in England had no more than begun in the summer of 1942, when the Channel invasion was judged unfeasible [sic]. But England was now filling with troops, British as well as American, and the world was crying for action. So the troops that it was not practical to transport twenty miles across the Channel were loaded in transports and taken one thousand miles across the open sea to land in Africa. (P. 57.)

Much the same is true, according to Mr. Ingersoll, of the invasions of Sicily (pp. 58-9) and Italy (pp. 59-62).

There can be no profit in advancing opinions differing from those of Mr. Ingersoll about alleged British inertia, disinclination to co-operate, and frustration of American efforts. Plan OVERLORD, however, is a fact, and questions of fact can be raised about it. Was the British attitude, then, "defeatist," i.e., was it designed to prevent the execution of Operation OVERLORD?

To answer this question, it will be useful to have certain information which Mr. Ingersoll neglects to give. COSSAC was not an *operational* command; it was a *planning* staff. Plan OVERLORD (as presented in July, 1943) was not an operational order; it was an analysis of the conditions under which a cross-Channel invasion of Europe could be successfully mounted, an outline of the most suitable form of such an operation, and a catalogue of the requirements for an operation in this form. Its purpose was to provide the Quebec Conference (August) with a detailed factual basis for a final decision upon the nature of the cross-Channel operation. The Conference

decided to accept the outline of Plan OVERLORD. It then became possible to proceed with specialized preparations. But it was not until Russian approval of the Anglo-American proposal was secured at the Teheran Conference late in the year that an operational command (SHAEF) could be established. That command then proceeded to translate Plan OVERLORD into Operation OVERLORD, which in due course brought the war in Europe to an end.

Mr. Ingersoll's complaints on this point amount to this: (1) COSSAC wrote a plan, not an operation order; (2) it wrote too cautious a plan. The facts are these: (1) it was COSSAC's business to write a plan; to have written an operation order would have been to usurp, first the policy-making functions of the three governments concerned and then, the command functions of the yet uncreated SHAEF; (2) the operation based on the plan was successful.

As late as September, COSSAC had not yet specified the technique of assault: here is another fact for whose interpretation it will be convenient to have information not given by Mr. Ingersoll. The Sicilian campaign took place 10 July to 17 August. The basic pattern for a seaborne assault upon a defended coast had emerged from an analysis of the Dieppe operation. The Sicily operation was to supply the General Staff with the necessary corrections, and these were to be implemented by SHAEF (not by COSSAC). Mr. Ingersoll reports that the Assault Training Centre began without guidance, and by a process of *a priori* reasoning eliminated night assault and built-up areas. "If night were impossible, then it had to be day. But by day the enemy would blow you out of the water. But by day it's got to be—and the enemy can't be allowed to blow you out of the water. So, Thompson reasoned, we'll start with what we've got by way of power to bombard from ships and aircraft, and we'll add, and add, and add fire power—using every kind of weapon from every kind of craft—until we *know* there are enough guns to break down anything on shore" (p. 40). What needs to be observed about this is that the "problems" discussed form an important but very small portion of the technique of an assault landing; that the "solutions" had been received doctrine since Dieppe; that no answer is offered for the one genuine problem mentioned—how do you know how much firepower is enough? (Should you underestimate, the assault will be destroyed; should you overestimate, resources needed for exploitation will be fruitlessly dissipated.)

Supplies were still going to the Mediterranean: can this be justified? If your industrial capacity is such that all the requirements of a major operation in the future can be met even though you meanwhile support a secondary operation currently in progress, it would seem justifiable to support the operation in progress. No one has yet suggested that the requirements for OVERLORD were not met.

In 1942 it was not thought feasible to transport troops twenty miles across the Channel, but it was found feasible to transport them a thousand miles to Africa. Is one seriously to believe that Mr. Ingersoll thinks the

feasibility of an operation is to be measured simply by the capacity to transport a given number of troops? Can it have escaped him that there is a difference between estimating that your available power is adequate to meet an enemy expeditionary force, and estimating that it is adequate to attack your enemy at home? Can he believe that the force which destroyed Rommel's Afrika Korps could have carried out an invasion of Europe? Whatever is true of Mr. Ingersoll's honesty, so gross a slur upon his intelligence cannot be justified.

It will be observed that only the arguments by means of which Mr. Ingersoll reaches his first major conclusion about British conduct of the war have here been questioned. The conclusion itself (that Britain was determined to substitute a Mediterranean for a cross-Channel effort) may be left until such an argument as will stand examination is brought forward to support it.

Mr. Ingersoll's second major conclusion about British conduct of the war (that Britain was determined to prevent the main effort from taking the purely military route through Frankfurt and to direct it along the anti-Russian route through Hamburg and Berlin) is reached in the following manner.

After the initial successes of the landing, Montgomery perceived that he not only enjoyed a superiority over the enemy but also that, for the brief moment before the American buildup would completely outdistance them, the British possessed parity with their allies. He consequently reasoned (according to Mr. Ingersoll) that "if the destruction of the German Army was to be a wholly British victory, it had best be now . . ." (p. 159). Unless it were a wholly British victory, Britain would not be able to retain indefinitely the overall ground forces command given her for the initial phase of OVERLORD. Therefore "Montgomery made the bold decision to defeat the German army facing him immediately, with his own British Second Army and without any assistance at all from the Americans to the west of him" (p. 157). "The result of Montgomery's decision was the battle of Caen. . . . Beginning in mid-June and ending nearly a month later, it was a defeat from which British arms on the continent never recovered. It was the first and last all-British battle fought in Europe. . . . After Caen he could not even attempt to break out of the bocage country. His forces were exhausted" (pp. 162-3). The British tried "to salvage Montgomery's lost reputation at Caen by describing the operations of the Second British Army there as a successful sacrifice play, aimed at keeping the German army off our backs" (p. 179). But the facts did not support this, and Montgomery knew that his failure would cost him the overall command. In a desperate effort to retrieve his position, he risked upsetting Bradley's plan for a "deep encirclement" of "all German units west of the Seine" by clamoring for a "shallow encirclement," to close at Falaise, in which British forces could play a role equal to that of the American. But here, too, after winning the conference-table decision, the British failed in the field: "On the record, the Americans got where they were supposed to get . . . while the British attack

ground to a standstill just north of Falaise. . . . The gap did *not* close, and a sizable portion of the German Army *did* escape . . ." (pp. 190-1).

By late summer, Mr. Ingersoll continues, the German High Command was virtually defeated. If the momentum of the Allied attack could be maintained, the war would end before winter set in. But the supply situation had deteriorated, and there was only enough to support a single-army thrust. Bradley asked that he be allowed to strike for the Frankfurt gap. Montgomery asked that he be allowed to strike for the Hamburg plains. "Those of us who had fought through the differences that had preceded the invasion were certain that British objectives were not strictly military but included political objectives as well. They wanted Berlin and the north coast of Germany as insurance that in the event of the German collapse these should not fall into the hands of the Russians" (p. 218). But Eisenhower, even though Montgomery had twice failed him, decided on the northern route. The effort was defeated at Arnhem, and the opportunity to end the war quickly was gone. "The real moral . . . was that the original 'Blueprint for Victory' plan that Bradley had tried to sell Eisenhower in August would have worked" (p. 227).

Since the war was now to drag on through the winter, it was essential to secure a major port. The British had seized Antwerp intact, but the enemy was in Walcheren, which commanded the approach to Antwerp. According to Mr. Ingersoll, Eisenhower twice ordered Montgomery to take Walcheren, but the British Army was resting and Montgomery did nothing. At Eisenhower's third command he reluctantly obeyed. The reason for Montgomery's reluctance to open Antwerp was that "the need for it had long since become predominantly an American one, simply because the American forces on the Continent were by now so very much larger than the British" (p. 234).

Mr. Ingersoll has more. Runstedt's counter-offensive in the Ardennes gave Montgomery his last opportunity to get the command of the American armies, and he used it with characteristic bad faith. "The first reaction that came to our headquarters from Montgomery's was that the British would get up out of their foxholes and put on an attack in the north. . . . But within twenty four hours after this had been reported to us, we learnt that the entire British Army was in retreat" (p. 263). "Simultaneously, he screamed for command of the American armies which were fighting between him and the Germans" (p. 264). Eisenhower, who was "grievously misinformed as to the situation at the front" by the British, gave Montgomery the First and Ninth U.S. Armies. "When Bradley got the news . . . he felt that at least now Montgomery would contribute some of his own troops to his own battle. . . . The British troops which eventually joined in the battle of the Ardennes turned out to be a single brigade" (p. 269).

Bradley's success in the Ardennes ended Montgomery's bid for overall command, Mr. Ingersoll writes, but the British members of the Combined Chiefs of Staff were still able to get the Malta Conference to endorse the Hamburg route for the main effort, leaving the Frankfurt route for a secon-

dary effort. The rest of Mr. Ingersoll's book is devoted to an account of the inadequacy of the British effort in the north, and of the manner in which Bradley outwitted Eisenhower, shifted the centre of gravity to the south, and won the war.

Again avoiding mere opposition of opinion, we may raise questions of fact where Mr. Ingersoll descends to facts. Was Caen an effort to secure a purely British victory without assistance from the Americans? *Before* the final attack on Caen, Montgomery held a conference which the present reviewer attended. Montgomery spoke to this effect: "The enemy's defence system in Normandy is based on the Caen-Falaise hill positions. He has concentrated the bulk of his armour here to protect those positions. The strategy is for Second Army to keep his armour engaged by mounting a frontal assault against the hinge, while the U.S. forces to the west throw a right hook which will take him in the rear and become the south pincer of an envelopment. The frontal assault will become the north pincer. The pincers will meet in the area of Falaise."

Was Caen a defeat from which British arms never recovered? The first attack began 26 June and lasted a week. The British forces involved constituted a single corps. The assault was mounted by 11th Armoured and 15th (Scottish) Infantry Divisions, with the Guards Armoured following up. 49th Infantry Division carried out a diversion on the right. The attack crossed the Odon River, advanced eight miles from the start-line, and created a salient outflanking Caen from the west. Before the second attack, 3rd Canadian Infantry Division took Carpiquet. The second attack went in on the morning of 8 July. It consisted of 3rd and 59th British Infantry Divisions and 3rd Canadian. Shortly after noon of the following day it possessed the whole of Caen, having defeated 12th SS (Hitler Youth) Panzer Division, 21st Panzer Division, 16th German Air Force Division, and other troops. The enemy's personal orders from Hitler (captured during the operation) were that Caen was a crucial position to be held at any cost.

Were Montgomery's forces after Caen so exhausted that he could not even attempt to break out of the *bocage* country? The operations directed at Falaise began 15 July—five days after the fall of Caen. By 18 July, 21 Army Group forces involved were more than twice as heavy as any previously engaged; by 8 August they had been almost doubled a second time.

After Caen, did Montgomery risk upsetting Bradley's exploitation of the St. Lô victory? The Falaise strategy had been agreed upon before the Caen battle began. Was the Falaise strategy a "shallow encirclement"? "Shallow" is a comparative word. The trap contained the entire German Seventh Army and left no organized fighting units west of the Seine. Did 21 Army Group stop short of Falaise? On 17 August, 2nd Canadian Infantry Division captured Falaise. During 18-19 August, 4th Canadian Armoured Division captured Trun and 1st Polish Armoured and 3rd Canadian Infantry Divisions captured Chambois. On 18 August a force of 4th Canadian captured St. Lambert-sur-Dives, between Trun and Chambois, and held it until an American force joined it on 20 August, when the Falaise

trap was closed. But a portion of the entrapped army escaped; whose was the responsibility? Mr. Ingersoll believes General Patton's conduct in this connection was justifiable, and the present reviewer is not prepared to dissent from that view. It must be pointed out, however, that 21 Army Group was on all its objectives before the northern and southern pincers met.

Would the "Blueprint for Victory" have succeeded better than Arnhem? No one will ever know; the only test of an operational plan is to implement it.

Was the need for Antwerp predominantly an American need? More American than British supplies were cleared through Antwerp, but the need for the port was exactly the same for both forces; that is, neither force could have supported its winter and spring operations without it. Was Montgomery slow to take Walcheren and open the Scheldt Estuary? The Estuary was not closed by the enemy in Walcheren. It was closed (1) by the enemy on the south bank of the Estuary, north of the Leopold Canal, (2) by the enemy on the east bank of the Scheldt River north of Antwerp and south of the Maas, (3) by the enemy on a group of seven islands in the Estuary, the most important of which (from the military point of view) were Walcheren and South Beveland. The clearing of the approaches to Antwerp began when 4th Canadian Armoured Division reached the Leopold Canal 14 September (eleven days after the seizure of Antwerp). The Division made two sorties in strength across the canal, the results of which left no doubt of the enemy's greater weight. The *polder* terrain made the use of tanks impossible. The first infantry that could be brought up was 2nd Canadian Division, which came up on the right of Antwerp and struck across the Antwerp-Turnhout Canal 3 October. 3rd Canadian Division captured Calais 30 September and was immediately brought to the Leopold. On 6 October it crossed on bases provided by 4th Canadian Armoured, which, after supporting the first week of the Leopold battle, moved to the right of Antwerp; on 20 October it and 49th (British) Division struck for Esschen, Bergen-op-Zoom, Roosendaal, Steenbergen, and the Maas, with 104th (U.S.) Infantry and 1st Polish Armoured on the right, and Second Army to the right of them. On 24 October 2nd Canadian crossed the causeway to South Beveland. On 26 October 52nd (Lowland) Division crossed the Scheldt to South Beveland. South Beveland fell 30 October; the next day 2nd Canadian attacked Walcheren and North Beveland; on 1 November it was joined on Walcheren by 52nd (Lowland) and Commando forces. Walcheren fell 7 November. The point at issue may be clarified this way: the set-piece operation to clear the approaches to Antwerp took thirty-six days[3] and involved seven divisions;[4] the Walcheren portion of the operation (which Mr. Ingersoll treats as the whole task) took eight days and involved two divisions.

Mr. Ingersoll's account of the Ardennes situation requires the following corrections. 21 Army Group did not promise an attack in the north, nor

[3]This does not include the preliminary work done by 4th Canadian, 14 September to 3 October.

[4]Not including Second Army, which was operating on the far right.

could it have; its line was on the river Maas, to cross which would have required a buildup comparable to that which preceded the crossing of the Rhine. 21 Army Group retreated from none of its positions; it did thin the line by concentrating two armoured and one infantry divisions for use as a counter-attack force either in the Ardennes or in the north. One question needs to be asked: why should General Eisenhower have relied (as Mr. Ingersoll says he did) upon British information about the battle situation in a wholly American sector? One clarification needs to be made: it is perfectly true that only a single British brigade participated in the Ardennes fighting, but the reasons are a discredit to no one. 21 Army Group was asked to deal with any enemy penetration across the Meuse; east of the river it was to remain an American battle. What happened was simply that the American forces defeated Runstedt's attack east of the Meuse; the enemy never crossed the river. He got close, and a British armoured brigade crossed the river to establish contact with the tip of his salient; but the Americans were at that moment pressing in the sides of the salient, and the forward elements ceased to be a problem. The Ardennes was an all-American battle, and an all-American victory.

It will have been independently noticed by the reader that even at their face value Mr. Ingersoll's arguments bear no particular relevance to his second major conclusion about British conduct of the war (the determination to substitute the political northern for the military southern route). It has seemed desirable to question the validity of these arguments because of their independent importance, but this second conclusion, like his first, need not concern us until some fact which supports it is presented.

Trench pessimists, even while noting how well Allied troops got along together in the field, used to speculate on how long it would be after the shooting stopped before a book appeared entitled "How Britain Won the War," or "How America Won the War," or "How Russia Won the War." None of these could serve as sub-title to *Top Secret;* an accurate sub-title would be "How 12 U.S. Army Group defeated Eisenhower, Montgomery, and Hitler." In the last analysis, when Mr. Ingersoll's book has dropped out of the headlines, its most regrettable effect may turn out to be that so admirable a commander as General Bradley has, in order to serve as dubious hero, been represented as guilty of gross and repeated insubordination.

TWO CAMBRIDGE WORTHIES*

GILBERT NORWOOD

Since the deaths of Jebb and Henry Jackson, no Cambridge names have so fully symbolized humanism as "Q" and "Glover of John's." Both died

**Memories and Opinions: An Unfinished Autobiography.* By Q [Sir A. T. Quiller-Couch]. Edited, with an introduction, by S. C. ROBERTS. Cambridge: Cambridge University Press [Toronto: Macmillan]. 1944. Pp. xiv, 106. ($2.00)

Springs of Hellas and Other Essays. By T. R. GLOVER. With a memoir by S. C. ROBERTS. Cambridge: Cambridge University Press [Toronto: Macmillan]. 1945. Pp. xvi, 210. ($4.00)

recently, and their last books have been assigned to me for a joint review; but they differ so in matter and tone that we must look at them separately.

The autobiography, alas, is unfinished: it closes, indeed, with the publication of *Dead Man's Rock*, Q's first novel, in 1887, when he was but twenty-four. In themselves, the events here narrated are mostly commonplace enough; but a quietly perfect style, a temperament that could relish experience contemplatively and report it urbanely, have turned them into literature. His early days in Cornwall, especially, are portrayed with engaging simplicity and charm. A paragraph beginning, "Better even than days of haymaking were those of harvest" reads like a first draft of some sunnier page in Thomas Hardy. Two passages vividly depict the boy's spiritual experience. First appears that familiar goblin of the eighteen-seventies, "a preacher of rare eloquence . . . painting Hell for us. . . . I dare say the man was honest. . . . What *I* know is that for two or three years this preacher so afflicted a child that he would wake and grip the bed-clothes to hold back a scream." Now look at the opposed picture:

> That afternoon, as I leant on the rail of a foot-bridge, . . . I happened to glance up on my right and was met by a Vision. 'Twas of nothing more (reduced to simplest terms) than sunlight slanting down a broad glade between two woodlands that drowsed in the summer heat. But it held me at gaze while the mere beauty of it flooded into my veins, and the mysterious bliss of it shook my young body. . . . I believe, looking back, that this apprehension finally chased away those religious terrors which had beset me so miserably.

Religion is a theme so immense that the following delicious story can be quoted here not improperly. "I overtook and walked with an old antagonist who opened on the proselytizing ways of the new 'Papists' in Bodmin. 'They make friends right and left,' he complained; 'and they pay their tradesmen regularly.' 'Well,' said I, for he was a tradesman, 'at any rate that's to their credit,' and was answered with a shut of the jaws, 'Oh, they're *cunning*.' "

There is quite a portrait-gallery of seniors, admirably sketched, in particular Q's father, whose influence—but for once let us skip Education, at least that of the Child. Suffice it to mention gratefully the too brief glimpses of Oxford days, which he passed in rooms that had been Cardinal Newman's, with such fellow-students as Henry Newbolt, C. E. Montague (that prince among journalists), and Anthony Hope Hawkins (how many readers of *The Prisoner of Zenda* know that its author took a first in Greats?). Of certain lectures we read: "They laid the foundations of a life-long faith that there are no rules for teaching; that the teacher's personal fire is the beginning and end of the art and most of its middle."

Glover's book closes with a lecture on "The Mind of St. Paul," which must be regretfully dismissed as disappointing in matter, arrangement, and presentation; nevertheless it contains a shrewd dictum: "A man can be estimated fairly accurately by the size and scope of the problems which he finds himself bound to solve." The other eight chapters show qualities familiar to those who know his earlier classical essays: they are informal chats on life and letters, such as "Cicero among His Books," "The Welding

of Mankind," and the title-piece, "Springs of Hellas"—a name to be understood literally: you will find nothing about Sources of Inspiration. They are astonishingly good and astonishingly skilful: by "astonishingly" is meant no disrespect, only a confession of the admiring envy which they excite in one who has attempted the same feats himself. What should we think their greatest virtue? Not learning, though Glover's was immense and at instant command. Nor is it that he was alive all the time and alive all over: perhaps no one has written on these topics with fewer abstract nouns. No: their chief merit is an infallible and omnipresent flair for the interesting. There he proves himself akin to Herodotus and Plutarch, the most lovable writers of antiquity. Extracts cannot, of course, fully reveal this, but here is a meagre handful:

> The gods were to be secret police; and if they did not really exist, they might be supposed to exist, and be not less efficient.
>
> Expedit esse deos; et, ut expedit, esse putemus
>
> is Ovid's neater and briefer version of it. Varro, too, as quoted by Augustine, held it desirable that men should be deceived . . . in their religious beliefs.

> A democracy may be as unjust and outrageous as any other form of government.

> The Roman had eight times as much water as the Londoner.

> Every man, wrote Oliver Wendell Holmes, is afraid of books who has not grown up among them; he himself was at home with them, like a stable boy among horses, he says.

> [From Tacitus, on a German invasion of Gaul] "Liberty, indeed, and the like specious names are their pretexts; but never did any man seek to enslave his fellows and secure dominion for himself without using the very same words."

> Goethe's Autobiography . . . "is a book to make a man wish to live." That is the Greek experience of Homer.

> "As false as a bulletin" was a proverb of Napoleon's time; "gouverner c'est mentir," said Henri Rochefort at some point during the Dreyfus agitation.

> Cicero was not *echt deutsch*. . . . The French really understand the Latin type, the "urbane" type, better; the Gauls, says Sainte-Beuve, early found their way to the Capitol.

Throughout, Glover keeps close to this level of pleasantly stimulating *causerie:* despite his strong piety and finished scholarship, his questing and insatiate humanity, nowhere in these eight papers does he reach far below the surface: never does he pierce the soul. How many essayists do so? It is rather their business to cast a friendly careless-seeming magic upon the mind and thereby to lure it into pleasant bypaths that lead to unexpected and strangely revealing back-windows.

AUGUSTINE'S QUEST OF WISDOM*

J. M. KELLY

The purpose of Mr. Bourke's book is to show that one force dominated the life of St. Augustine, moulded his personality, and impressed a definite character on what he calls "Augustinism." The title of the book describes what that force was. The wisdom which finally rewarded the quest was neither a philosophy nor a theology. Each played its role, no doubt, in bringing the quest to a happy fruition, but they were subsumed in a higher wisdom, which was the result of a divinely aided personal effort issuing in the contemplative repose of the soul in God. The book is an excellent account of one of the first examples of the Christian intellectual bent on the resolution of his difficulties. The work will scarcely have a popular appeal, for it is, unquestionably, a biography written for professors and specializing students. The details are constructed, almost entirely, from the saint's own writings but reveal, nevertheless, a wide acquaintance with and a careful study of the vast literature which has sprung up about Augustine's name. The book fails, however, to fulfil the expectations of those who await the appearance, in English, of a good account of the "Philosophy of the Bishop of Hippo." Mr. Bourke's sub-title raises our hopes too high.

The first part of the book, entitled "The Rhetorician" (pp. 1-47), deals with that part of Augustine's life when the wisdom that he gained was but the "wisdom of the flesh," followed and accompanied by the easy art of sophistry, the folly of astrology and superstition, and the facile dualism of the Manicheans.

"The Christian Philosopher" is the title of the second part of the book (pp. 48-122). This section deals with the series of influences which brought Augustine to the final acceptance of the Christian faith. It was during these years (384-90) that he became acquainted with the writings of the Neo-Platonists, who formed for him a bridge, by which he escaped from materialism and Manicheanism. The section witnesses, also, the overcoming of the trial which scepticism posed for his incipient faith. Throughout this period Augustine was pretty well alone with his problems. No master instructed him; his doubts were not resolved by reference to books; his experience was no classroom indoctrination. Mr. Bourke takes some pains to point out that this fact gave his teaching a distinctly personal flavour. It was his own: he emerged "a self made philosopher and even, to some extent, a self made theologian." His life from this point on was to be an example of what Anselm was later to call "fides quaerens intellectum." It remained to the end the search of a solitary. From the philosophical point of view this is the most interesting part of the book, for it shows the task of a Christian humanist who was not content, as some early Christians were, to repudiate the wisdom of this world, but sought to bring it all to the service

*_Augustine's Quest of Wisdom: Life and Philosophy of the Bishop of Hippo._ By VERNON J. BOURKE. Milwaukee: Bruce Publishing Co. [Toronto: Ryerson]. 1945. Pp. xii, 324. ($3.00)

of truth. By a brief examination of some of Augustine's writings of this period, the author shows that the general outlines of Augustinian metaphysics and epistemology were being formed. Mr. Bourke's use of the term "supernatural" to describe the philosophy of Plotinus (p. 55), is, I think, unfortunate. The meaning of that term has become fixed and is no longer associated with supraphysical, the only sense in which it is an accurate description of Plotinian philosophy.

The third part, "The Bishop's Work" (pp. 123-200), and the fourth part, "The Mature Mind of Augustine" (pp. 201-85), cover, to a great extent, the same period of Augustine's life and describe the work that led to the final achievement of his Christian synthesis. Pretty well forced to accept the episcopal office at Hippo, he became the champion of the faith he had adopted. In the midst of the controversies with the Donatists and the Pelagians his teaching took definite form. Three works, *De Trinitate*, *De Genesi ad litteram*, *De Civitate Dei*, represent, in Mr. Bourke's mind, the final answers of Augustine. Each of these works is analysed on the basis of a book-to-book account, the only fashion in which Mr. Bourke cares to deal with Augustine's writings. This method serves well in the outlining of a problem, but it leaves much to be desired in the forming of a critical estimate of Augustine's position on the problems that were to become the grounds of medieval controversy. Mr. Bourke knows that his method is not ideal and thinks that to expect otherwise would be "too much to demand not only of the ordinary reader but more especially of the ordinary author." Until that extraordinary author appears, no book which professes to describe Augustinian philosophy can be deemed wholly satisfactory. The gist of the analysis is that the quest of wisdom ultimately leads to but one object, God himself. Whether we consider the soul, the created world, or human society, their ultimate meaning, which is the meaning that the wise man seeks, is found in God alone. Wisdom, here on earth, ends in an enigma that will only be solved finally by the beatific vision of God, by a wisdom that will only be possessed by the citizens of the City of God. There alone will man be really wise; there alone Augustine's quest will end.

MODERN GERMAN LITERATURE* W. L. GRAFF

In this book less than 130 pages out of a total of 223 pages are pages of text. The remainder is made up of two indexes and a large bibliography. According to the title-page, in these 130 pages the author covers seventy years of intense literary activity. Moreover, the first chapter, entitled "Perspectives," extends the survey backward deep into the nineteenth century.

The author expresses awareness of the difficulty inherent in his task. Indeed, one cause of the moderate success achieved is the extreme conden-

**Modern German Literature, 1870-1940.* By VICTOR LANGE. Ithaca, New York: Cornell University Press. 1945. Pp. xvi, 223. ($2.50)

sation, or rather the exasperating rarification, to which the subject-matter has been subjected. Perhaps if the vast amount of material behind the pages of the book had been more thoroughly transformed into living substance through greater unity of vision and by a slower process of absorption, its interpretation might have formed the theme of a fascinating "essay"; the kind of essay which the author's preface seems to promise. In it there would have been little need of names and titles, beyond the outstanding ones for the sake of historical orientation or ideal relationship. Broad and penetrating vistas would have emerged from the assimilation of factual details and the elimination of waste, vistas into movements of ideas and attitudes and their artistic forms and symbols. It is true, the terms of such an essay would have been general, but its generalizations would have had the consistency and body of pregnant and challenging judgments. Born of a singleness of conception and creative intuition, they would have existed in their own right, even in the face of the dissenting critic.

As it is, with more than 350 names of authors and over 550 titles crammed into its limited space, the book often creates the impression of being a sort of literary Baedeker. We are promised "an attempt to establish historical and critical cohesion beyond the mere fortuitous mosaic of events" (p. ix). But the unity of composition is superficial and external, characterized by the mere succession of events. The underlying trends, which manifest themselves in all sorts of premature and abortive, or belated and outdated phenomena, are largely ignored. The anticipation of naturalism and expressionism in the work of Grabbe and Büchner—the line that connects Hebbel with Ibsen and Paul Ernst; Rilke with Novalis and Nietzsche; naturalism with expressionism and the Storm and Stress; Keller, Stifter, Thomas Mann, and others with Goethe; Stefan George with Goethe and Nietzsche—in short, the basic forces of polarity, active and more or less articulate at all times: these are hidden beneath a mass of names and impressionistic appraisals. The generalizations, serving as the string which is to hold the multitude of facts together like beads, are often so attenuated that their binding strength is lost. Many of them are quite meaningless or extend their polyvalent suggestions far beyond anything that the concrete situation aimed at can endure. This is the more regrettable as the book was written primarily for those who are not familiar with the details of recent German literature and who do not read the originals with ease. To quote one example: "His [Beer-Hofmann's] later dramatic poems, especially *Jaâkobs Traum* (1918) and *Der junge David* (1934), generously conceived and carefully figured, show the lively concurrence of inspiration and reserve which is the result not only of his deep and splendid Jewish vision but of his affinity to a conception of the poet's imaginative function and responsibility which George and Hofmannsthal were to represent so impressively" (p. 40). It is difficult to imagine what such a statement can mean in terms of concrete reality to a person who is not a student of German literature, or even to one who is.

On the whole the criteria of literary evaluation are taken from the social, socio-psychological, or political implications of the phenomena observed.

Appraisals on the higher level of creative art and form, as such, are rare, inadequate, and whimsical. The subject-matter, the ideological trend, the grasp which a writer has of the changing economic and social conditions, his relationship to nature or society, his attitude to present or past patterns of civilization, his psychic or religious idiosyncrasies, his problematic character these are among the main sources which supply the stuff for Mr. Lange's abridged diagnoses. They can be interesting enough from a sociological or cultural point of view but they hardly strike at the root of creative greatness. This lack of relevant points of reference explains perhaps a number of paradoxes and astonishing motivations. If the German novelist of the nineteenth century is unable to compete with his French or English fellow-writers, it is because he fails to sense the underlying forces of social and economic unrest. Yet Rilke's greatness is not impaired by the fact that "neither in his magnificent later work nor in his correspondence is there evidence of any concern for the simpler and institutional social ties that hold men together" (pp. 47-8)—a rather inaccurate description of a Rilkean peculiarity. If Hofmannsthal is judged superior to George and Rilke, it is because in his work "the living impulse and example of an effective spiritual and moral humanism are magnificently realized" (pp. 42-3).

It is probably correct to say that most of the shortcomings which vitiate an otherwise noble undertaking can be traced back to a fundamental fault, for which the French have the saying, "Qui trop embrasse, mal étreint." Undoubtedly the cultural life of modern Germany as expressed in the work of its writers and artists deserves to be more widely known in the educated world of North America, not only because of its social and political significance in these days of international suspicion but also because of its intrinsic worth. In spite of the critical attitude which I feel compelled to take toward many regrettable features of Mr. Lange's book, I hope and like to believe that it will succeed in inducing larger numbers of American and Canadian students to acquaint themselves with the originals in which that culture is revealed, instead of relying on interpretative studies, translations, or—horribile dictu!—on newspaper reports.

The Cornell University Press is to be congratulated for the fine typographical appearance of the book.